THE POEMS OF Ben. Johnson JUNIOR.

Being

A Miſcelanie of Serioufneſs, Wit, Mirth, and Myſterie.

In { VULPONE. / The DREAM. / ITER BEVORIALE. / SONGS. &c.

Compoſed by *W. S.* Gent.

Parce---vatem ſceleris damnare---

ondon Printed for *Tho. Paſſenger* at the three Bibles about the middle of *London Bridge*.

1672.

To the Right Honourable *John* Earl of *Rutland*, and his Honourable Son the Lord *Roſs*.

Let Virgil *and wiſe* Homer *crown'd with Bays*
Inſtruct my Pen to ſing great Rutland's *praiſe*;
Skie-mounting Belvoir *my* Parnaſſus *be*,
Where Bounty, Plenty, noble Charity
Erect their throne, where the fair Heavens adjoin
A Mannor, *and a* Mountegue *divine*.

To

To the Right Honourable *Walter* Lord *Aſton.*

ASton *a Stone cut from the marble Quar,*
Fram'd to out-live the flames of civil war;
With all the bounties of the heavens befriended
Nineteen brave Knights, two princely Lords deſcended.
From this great Stem laden with Honours ſpoil,
That now o'reſpreads Great Brittains *fruitful Iſle.*
Tixal *the Fountain, whence theſe Heroes flow,*
Where Hoſpitality and Bounty grow.
Here Corydon *doth act a pleaſant Scean,*
While his ſwift grinders ſweep the Table clean.
Here I my noble Anceſtors of old,
Tracing the ſteps of Charity behold,
By Loves fair hand to mine own Cradle led,
Aſton *and* Lucy *joyned in one Bed.*

To

To all the ancient Family of the *Lucyes*, and to all their Honourable Extractions

Luci quaſi Luxi.

Lucy bright morning-ſtar, pure light divine,
Drawn from the Roman *and the* Norman *line,*
In every Revolution ſtill the ſame,
Their Countreys Honour a d tranſcendent flame.
From this clear Spring I am a little Stream,
From this Apollo *a derived beam.*
Ingratitude unto that Root and Ground,
That noble Being, I my Being found;
Lamp of their Countrey, to their endleſs praiſe,
I dedicate theſe ſoft and humble Layes.

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THE POEMS OF *BEN. JOHNSON* Junior.

VULPONE.

Aquarius eb'd, and *Piſces* caught i'th' wile,
The *Ram* skips in, when *Thalia* deignes to ſmile,
Sol courts his Miſtriſs, gives her a green gown,
I'm crown'd with joy, and tripping ore the Down
I chanc'd to paſs by a fair chryſtal flood,
Whoſe neareſt neighbour, was an o'regrown wood,
The little bubbling purling Fountains ſpringing,
The *Nightingale* on ev'ry bow ſat ſinging,

The Fields, the Flowers, the Fruit so freely budding,
Without all care I stumbled on a sudden
Upon the *Foxes* hole; *Reynard*, quoth I,
Why art thou banish't from society?
This solitary, melancholy Cave,
Looks like some desperate dungeon, or a grave;
Thy sentence is severe; what! no reprieve?
Must thou lye bury'd and intomb'd alive?
The goodwives call thee trecherous, and sullen,
A greedy dog, for killing all their pullen.
The Shepheards too such loud complaints do bring,
Make ev'ry corner of the Downs to ring
The bloody slaughter of the harmless Sheep,
Like a sly curr, when Shepherds are asleep.
The cruel murder of the pretty Lambs,
Slain on a heap together with their damms.
Reynard to me his gentle paw did reach,
And in smooth language thus began to preach;
Many blind souls who cannot read their Psalter,
Are too too bold and busie with the Altar.
Let no man put his finger in the fire,
I by profession am a reverend *Fryer*,
Our order 'bove all earthly power was ranged
Equal with Angels, but those times are changed,
A dismal cloud hath shaded all our mirth,
We now are call'd the *Locusts* of the earth
By Schismaticks, who having lost the way,
In a wild labyrinth of error stray

It was a golden age, when we did handle,
Th' affrighted world, with our Bell, Book, and Candle.
Lords of the World, Mens Conſciences to boote,
We made great Kings humbly to kiſs our foot;
We then were Emperors of all mens treaſures,
My brother Wolf, and I, did fare like *Cæſars*,
Our bellies ſtrutting, nothing could we lack,
The full cram'd diſhes made the Table crack,
Gammons of *Bacon*, *Brawn*, and what was chief,
King in all feaſts, a tall Sir Loyne of *Beef*.
Fat *Veniſon Paſties* ſmoaking, 'tis no fable,
Swans in their broath came ſwimming to the Table,
Partridges, *Pigeon*, *Plover*, and the *Hen*,
With all her broods, would it were there agen.
My ſides were wondrous plump, and in good plight,
I had no cauſe to range abroad by night,
Feaſted with delicates beyond all meaſure;
Our golden path was Pav'd with eaſe, and pleaſure.
The highway Huckſter he delights in pillage,
The *Gypſie* ſwaggers in a Country Village,
The beggar under ev'ry buſh doth feaſt,
But of all lives the Monk's life is the beſt;
The world in pure devotion was ſo holy,
While we fed fat and laughed at their folly.
The pretty *Nuns* and we agree ſo well,
Whom we did pardon whatſoe'er befell.
We put the fair ſide outward; what was foul
Was cloſely hidden underneath our *Cowl*.

None in the Pulpet could become a lye,
With face more bold and confident than I.
Such melting words, that made the women weep.
Into the closet of their souls I creep.
The men from home, and dreaming of no harm,
I kiss their wives, and keep their places warm;
I led the fools in such a stupid blindness,
At their return they thank me for my kindness.
The world was fast asleep, and did not mind me,
Where e're I came I left my spawn behind me.
Like *Bulls* reserv'd for breed, from our fair Abbyes,
We fill all countryes with our lusty Babyes.
Hence in their mouthes this Proverb all men gather,
'Tis a wise child that knoweth his own Father.
But I must now in deep contrition mourn,
Fasting and praying for the swift return,
I lay my bones upon this rocky hill,
Besides the Lents I keep against my will;
Since Abby's were dissolv'd, which I condole,
I hid mine head e'er since in this dark hole,
In this poor Hermitage my vows to pay,
In deep devotion I consume the day,
Shunning all company by Heavens direction,
I keep my self untainted from infection.
In meditation on my own thoughts feeding,
Least they should spoil my manners and my breeding:
I contemplate and study in my mind,
Where I at night some pleasant bit may find.

Self

Self preſervation is a general rule,
I ſuckt this leſſon from dame nature's School.
My Occupation, which ſome thiev'ry call,
I learnt of man the greateſt thief of all,
By him I was inſtructed to indite;
Man is my copy, what he writes I write;
Look on my Book I'm ſure I do not miſs,
Compare them well, my letters are like his.
'Tis true with *Ducks* and *Geeſe* I am at war,
But he in cruelty exceeds me far;
For one offence of mine number his ten,
I prey on *Lambs*, but he doth prey on men.
Upon a *Pigg* ſometimes, I place my mind,
Whole Nations he devours of his own kind.
To ſatisfie fierce hunger, 'tis moſt juſt;
Man playes the wanton *Cannibal* for luſt.
A *Coney*, or a *Hare*, ſmall things we prize them;
Theſe *Alexanders* Worlds will not ſuffice them,
He calls for more worlds, and he cryes *Aloon* Sir,
As if one were too little for one *Mounſieur*.
Such petty thieves as I are ſtill diſpraiſed;
Your mighty *Tories* unto honour raiſed.
We make the woods our dreadful habitations,
They ſtear the healm of Kingdoms and of Nations.
Theſe *Cæſars* placed on fair Fortunes brow,
But we are taught to ſwim on every bow.
The world is caught with toyes, things priz'd we ſee,
Not as they are, but as they ſeem ro be.

Of our deſerved honour ſhe would barr us,
Becauſe our chamber is not hung with *Arras*.
Truth ſtandeth on the rock, 'tis no falſe Latin,
A foole's a fool although he ride in Satin.
Do not debaſe our royal pedigree,
Our famous Line ſhines with the greateſt He,
Tho' I am forc'd to live in humble cote,
Mine Anceſtors were Beaſts of princely note,
And tho, I am by no man now befriended,
I am from Kings and Emperors deſcended.
With *Hannibal* I was in great requeſt,
I alwayes lodg'd in this brave Generals breaſt;
'Twas not his Sword that drave the *Romans* home
Totally routed, to beſieged *Rome*;
It was my counſel gave the fatal blow,
When *Italy* with blood did overflow,
And had my policy found approbation,
Rome had not been the Empreſs of each Nation.
When wary *Fabius* drew his Bilbo blade,
He circumvented him in his own trade;
My Grandſire *Herod*, whoſe grave ſteps I follow,
Taught how the great Thieves do the little ſwallow.
From his example all men will confeſs,
The tall ones are ſupplanters of the leſs:
All wreſtlers from the Matock to the Crown,
The ſtrongeſt arm tumbles the weakeſt down.
Though in the art of fencing none could beat him
A mighty Monarch! yet the Lice did eat him.

From,

From *Cain* my lineal pedigree I draw,
Who firſt ptoclaim'd the ſtatute of clubb Law;
'Twas when the early world was newly blown,
When Piſtols, Sword, and Canons were not known,
Nor that *Italian* trick, that layes men dead,
Lull'd faſt aſleep, before they go to bed.
So ſoon did fratricide mans mind invade,
But parricide is now a common trade.
My Couſin *Nimrod* learnt his skill from me,
The firſt that hunted after ſoveraignty;
He kept about him a flete pack of Beagles,
Who had the Tallons and the Wings of Eagles.
But when his deep mouth'd Hounds did roar & thun-
They did amaze poor *Coridon* with wonder. (der,
*Be*ſide he had his *B*lood-Hounds and Setters,
Whereby freemen were frighted into Fetters.
To build a Tower, he long time was brewing,
That he might ſee what all the Gods were doing,
Peeping into (although it were forbidden)
Their wiſe decrees, and counſels that were hidden.
And that which made it Luciferian treaſon,
He thought to over-look them with blind reaſon.
Here's the foundation of that City laid,
Which into ruine all mankind betraid.
When this ridiculous plot it woul i not be,
He then unkennels all his Hounds on me.
His Huntſman fury blew the Bugle Horn,
Forewarn'd forearm'd i' th' top of all the morn,

I fled (as I had cauſe) through thick and thin,
Through woods and dangerous floods to ſave my (skin:
Fear gave me wings, it was no time to dally,
I ſcale the Mountains which o'relook the Vally;
Untill I found this home, this homely bower,
A caſtle ſtronger than his lofty Tower.
Neceſſity my nimble pate refining,
I taught the world the art of undermining,
VVhich they have practis'd ſince in all their wars,
To blow up Towns, and fix them all new ſtars.
A figg for his Granado and redout,
Although I am beſieged round about,
VVithin this *Paliſado* ſafe am I,
His Culvering and Canon to defie.
My brother *Mahomet* did hold me dear,
I taught the Dove to whiſper in his eare,
By this fine cheat the vulgar minds beguiling,
His *Alchoran* was all of my compiling;
VVith ſtrong deluſion, and devout pretences,
I fram'd a pamphlet, pleaſing to the ſenſes.
To charm mans appetite, was my ſole aime,
Some ſmall additions; which I now diſclaim,
Foiſted by fools, for that was none of mine,
VVhen he forbad mankind the uſe of wine.
That ſuch brave liquor ſhould be in diſgrace,
For this the Poets curſe him to his face.
They call him Sot, and Fool, and ſenſleſs wigeon,
No Poet ever was of his Religion.

And

And had *Anacreon* been alive agen,
He would have whipt their Armies with his Pen.
Till he had bang'd them to the *Scythian* Rocks,
From whence these *Nomades* first drave their Flocks.
Sack gave *Don John* that *Spanish* brave *Galanto*,
A glorious day i' th' battel of *Lepanto*.
Had the *Dutch* there been arm'd with furious Brandy.
The State of *Venice* had not lost their *Candy*.
Wise Privy Counsellours, whose pates are running,
In all their deep designs practise my cunning.
Their greatest safety in my counsel lying (flying.
To keep their Necks whole, and their Heads from
Statesmen attend my Chamber ev'ry minute,
Their counsel failes, if *Reynard* be not in it.
Popes, Cardinals, their Engines and Decoyes,
Instructed to amuze the world with toyes.
A world of subtle snares I hourly set,
To bring blind Ideots headlong to my Net,
To swallow down my charms, which I do season
With bowles of wine that robs them of their reason,
And that they may not smell my bitter potion,
I colour all their liquour with devotion.
I lend my hand to low ones that are down,
Without my help none wear the tripple crown.
Unto my painted lure all mortals bend,
Old *Simon Magus* is a trusty friend;
Achitophel whose policy was rare
I griev'd to see him failing in the Aire.

To

To *Machiavel* I nearly am allyde,
Both my great Uncles by the furer ſide.
I were ungrateful ſhould I not commend her,
My good old Grannam the grave *Witch* of *Endor*.
She taught me *Magick* to foretell good hap,
When a fat Kid ſhould fall into my lap.
By Aſtrology inſtructed to diſcover,
When I ſhould plant my lips upon ſome plover.
The Sun in Capricorn, the moon decreaſing,
I told each calf his minute of deceaſing.
My skill in Palmeſtry would much delight ye,
From *Venus mountain* to the *linea vitæ*,
By ſecret lines the fortune I diſplay
Of ev'ry gooſe that came into my way.
In all Arithmetick I was well read,
I could divide the ſhoulder from the head;
A capon, or a cock, If I could win him,
I quickly did reduce into a minnim.
The feathered fowl that fly I did Trappan 'um
All this and more I learnt of my good Grannum.
Fair *Cleopatra*, though the *Roman* kiſt her,
Antonius minion, was my mothers Siſter:
She was his mate, he was her Turtle Dove,
Shrin'd in one tombe, fond fools to die for love.
Queen *Jezabel*, ſhe was my mother dear,
Whom cruel Dogs did all in pieces tear:
I ſuckt her milk, a tender mother ſhe,
For which the dogs ſtill lick their lips at me.

There

There is but two names in the world bear rule,
Two mighty families, the Knave and Foole:
Of theſe, the major part, in power, and place;
The crafty knaves ſpring from the fox's race.
Your Mountebanks, they daily do invoke us,
The Juglers learn their tricks of *hocus pocus*,
The crafty Lawyers, nimbleſt of the three,
Lay by their *Littleton* to ſtudy me,
Their Clients purſes they do plow and harrow,
Who gnaw the bone, when they have ſuckt the mar-
When I was young, and did an infant write, (row.
In books of Heraldry I took delight.
Our predeceſſors fame, from *Adams* prime,
I could reduce unto the preſent time.
I and the ſerpent, joyned in commiſſion,
Gave *Eve* that apple cauſed mans perdition.
Our coat of Arms is rich and wondrous good,
Three lambs new ſlain in a fair field of blood.
Some of our Anceſtours wanting their fleeces
Did bear a ragged coat all torn in pieces;
An honourable badge, worn as a Jem,
Won in the wars, between the hounds and them.
Upon our Creſt, a Duck, ſtrugling and ſtriving,
Catch'd on a ſuddain, as ſhe was a diving.
Theſe things are laid aſide, and out of date,
The leaf is changed in the book of fate.
T'was all mine own, that came within mine eying,
I could have ta'ne the ſwifteſt ſwallow flying.

Nothing

Nothing to clamber up the talleſt cliff;
But now my joynts and ſinews are grown ſtiff;
My grinders not ſo ſharp to gnaw a bone,
And all my vaulting, tumbling tricks are gone.
This is my greateſt grief, my friends abuſe me;
Thieves of my own profeſſion, they accuſe me:
And by no people am I more beſmeared,
Than thoſe whoſe fired fingers have been ſeared.
The Gypſy, and the curpurſe in the ſtocks,
Taylors, and Millers, all do curſe the Fox.
Envy ſwells like a toad ready to burſt,
But the poor fox fares beſt when he is curſt.
Two handed Lawyers rob both rich and poor;
Wiping their mouths, they lay it at my door.
The Juſtice and his Clark, who for a Fee
Turn juſtice topſy turvy, rail at me;
The Uſurer, whoſe Soul is hell-fed bacon,
Roares out of hell for ſtealing his fat capon;
Widdows, and children, his wide throat doth ſwallow,
Yet calls me thief as if I had no fellow;
His own he ſees not, but my pranks he'l tell ye
Who hath whole Towns and Citties in his belly;
When he hath chew'd a pariſh, and her people,
At the next morſell he devours the ſteeple:
Their thundring acclamations all lett fly,
As if there were none other thief but I.
When if you put all creatures to the teſt,
Among the thieves I ſhall be found the leſt.

The little chryſtall ſprings do rob their Donor
The envious rob their neighbour of his honor,
The Sun doth rob the Sea, in Showrs of rain,
The thirſty earth doth rob the Sun again,
The Rivers rob the Brooks, which gently fall
In ſilent ſtreams, the Sea doth rob them all.
When *Cupid* he doth throw his poiſoned dart
The lover ſteals away his Miſtreſs heart:
Not Lyons onely that for prey do ly,
Nor whales, that ſwallow mighty ſhoals of fry;
The little Wren, the Dove, the ſilly ſheep,
The Fowls, the Fiſhes of the watry deep,
They live by rapine, brother robs his brother,
And all ſubſiſt by plundring one another.
Theft, the worlds prop, Dame natures chiefeſt friend,
Baniſh all thieves the world will quickly end.
I loved all my brethren wondrous well
Who did in active feats of hand excell.
I thought thoſe thieves who in the open Sun,
Bid travellers ſtand, who have more mind to run,
To be the greateſt fools; I ſhun the light,
My ſtratagems have ſafety in the night.
The dogs are all aſleep, and not one Mouſe,
That licks the cream, did move in all the houſe.
The Trumpeter his trumpet ſometime blowing,
I charm the buſy tell-tale-cock from crowing,
His trumpet ſhrill was heard through all the village,
Diſturbing my deſigned plot for pillage,

Forewarning

Forewarning man of future things to come,
Of that black, bleſſed, diſmall day of doom,
When that loud trump ſhall ſound, to raiſe up men
To their laſt judgement, though they know not when
Who ſounding in your ears with his ſhrill horn,
Tells you, that it may be er'e the next morn.
Whoſe crowing was to *Peter* a good morrow,
When his repentance melts in tears of ſorrow.
It was not ſo with me, I was affraid,
Leaſt he ſhould wake the Miſtriſs and her Maid:
Whoſe thundring tongues, would gather in a cluſter
The neighborhood, all to a generall muſter,
Raiſing great tumults, high and mighty ſturs,
Piſtolls, and Guns, and all the bawling curs.
Who would not ſpare me, if they once did wind me,
Compelling me to leave my ſkin behind me.
The pleaſant game ſtood fair before mine eyes,
To make the cock ſure was my maſter prize;
At his vain babling I was ſore offended,
Griping his throat, his tale was quickly ended.
My work done ſuddenly, without debating,
I ſtop his whiſtle, and his tongue for prating,
Upon the earth poor Chanticleer lies ſpringing,
His melody was marr'd for ever ſinging,
And to accompany his diſmal fall,
Some cackling hen attends his funerall.
To weigh theſe things, it makes me melancholly,
I would redeem with tears my wanton folly,

That all is out of frame, all will confeſs,
Anothers error makes not mine the leſs;
I'm weary of the courſe which I have run,
And do repent the miſchiefs I have done.
Let man begin, whom we poor *Animals* call,
The Microcoſme, the quinteſſence of all,
Fram'd out of all worlds, copy of the three,
A perfect figure of the Trinity,
The loweſt Angel, and the talleſt beaſt,
A goodly thing in all his titles dreſt;
Let this great thing who doth in honour ſwim,
Begin the dance, and we will follow him,
I'le leave my thieving trade, and be his debtor,
If his example teach me to be better.

The crafty Fox doth ſolemnly proteſt
Man unredeem'd is worſe than any beaſt,
Than Wolf, Dog, Lyon, Tiger, more uncivil,
Without a Jeſus an Apoſtate Devil.

THE

THE DREAM.

For forrain Lands I had a travelling mind,
My main designe a trusty friend to find,
If in the miriads of souls that are
One real lover would fall to my share,
Where soul to soul tune up one harmonie,
I made no scruple were it he, or she:
Jewel of jewels, which doth rarely grow,
Richer then all the Gems in *Mexico*.
He that is crowned with this part, is blest,
Holds in his arms the *Indies* east and west.
Musing upon the state of humane things,
The slipperie fate of kingdoms, and of kings,
Oppresst with weighty grief, which made me weep,
Clouding my sense, I fell into a sleep.
Here swift *Ideas* made my brain their column,
I saw the universe bound in one volumn;
Me thought the whole was small, yet all did pant
To win this thing, no bigger then an *ant*.
Each would have all, they shoulder, and they sweat,
The little world was fighting for the great:

A Sea appear'd, king *Neptune* ſeem'd to flout me,
Millions of dreams like boats ſailing about me:
Theſe roving run-agates my fancy ſmother,
Dream after dream, and one ſucceeds another.
Some ſay that dreams within the brain are toſs't
Of things which in the day we think of moſt.
Some dreams are pleaſant, ſome are troubleſome,
Some of things paſt, and ſome of things to come,
Prophetick dreams that pleaſe, and ſometime fear us,
Convey'd by Angels when ſome miſchief's near us;
Some told of things they never knew before;
Some dream of gold, and yet are alwayes poor;
Some dream of rivers, mountains, Shores, and Seas;
Some of a new world: mine was all of theſe.
My wandring fancy did for *Spain* incline
Famous for *Sack*, that Emperor of wine;
Other, ſmall princes of inferiour rank:
This liquor *Virgil* and wiſe *Homer* drank
When they did muſter on the *Ilian* ſands
The *Trojan* armies and the *Græcian* bands.
O're rockie hills and lofty mountains high,
Whoſe tall aſpiring heads do kiſs the ſkie
I ſearch each corner of that crabbed coaſt,
The cities which antiquity doth boaſt;
Tracing thoſe mountains many a tedious mile
I ſtumble on the brave court of *Caſtile*.
Here *Hercules* did all his labours end:
But mine began, to find a faithful friend.

Monſters and *Mino-taur's* tam'd by his hand,
For which he did encompaſs Sea, and Land:
My labour did to greater things aſpire,
To find a *Phœnix* melted in the fire,
Out of whoſe aſhes ſhould ſpring up to birth
A friend, the quinteſſence of Heav'n and earth.
The gentle *Donna's* in mine eye no leſs
Than ſparkling angels in a female dreſs:
Their courteſie was rare, ſo wondrous free,
With kind embraces they half raviſh'd me:
At the firſt flouriſh they appear like poſies
Compos'd with *July*-flowers and fragrant roſes:
But flowers will fade; they bid me pick and prune.
You may as well find conſtancy i'th' moon,
Sweet melting *manna* from our northern dews,
Knowledge in *Lapland*, chaſtity in the ſtews. (fow
Wouldſt thou reap diamonds where they are not
The pearl call'd friendſhip never here was known.
Go gather grapes in *Greenland*, that dark hole,
Pepper, and ginger, at the *Artick* pole.
Canſt thou bring all Religions into one,
Whoſe quinteſſence is love: thy work is done,
Thy mind at reſt, thy travel at an end,
The whole creation is become thy friend,
Not only man, appointed to command,
But every thing that moves by ſea or land:
Both heaven and earth with all their wealth ſhall ſt
Lyons and *Tygres* ſhall fall down before thee. (th

In countrey cottages friendſhip was rife,
Leaſes of love they took for term of life;
Love there is dead, *Amintas* doth not mind it;
And doſt thou think in pallaces to find it?
Perfection dwells not in frail, mortal duſt;
Shew me the man that to himſelf is juſt.
Damon, and *Pitheas*, are exil'd from hence:
Vertue her ſelf hath here no influence.
The Pages tell her in their wanton play
She is ſome countrey Lady of the *May*
That knows no courteſie, or how to ſpeak,
Only train'd up to run at barley-break,
Some canting *Gypſie* with a conjuring wand,
Or petty *Princeſs* of the *Fairie* land;
She is too judg'd by her brown olive hue
A Lady errant of *Don Guſmans* crue.
In this place thou wilt proſper, canſt thou paint
With all the colours of a ſeeming Saint;
Thou mayſt perhaps aſcend bright honors hill
If thou canſt court where thou intend'ſt to kill;
We call it pollicie, juſt in our ſight,
To cut thoſe trees down that eclipſe our light.
The upright, ſimple, innocent, we ſlay:
'Tis crime enough that they ſtand in our way.
We ſtudy not the morals of wiſe *Plato*;
Nor that old fool whom they intitle *Cato*:
To imitate their follies we want leiſure;
All our divinity is eaſe and pleaſure.

Slaves chain'd to conſcience? no, no, we are free-men
And know no friend, no God, but wine and women.
Haſt thou the ſtone that turneth all to gold,
Or teeming bags of Silver? then be bold.
Melt all *Peru* into one maſs of treaſure,
Then Call th'*Infanta* Couſin at your pleaſure:
Gentlemen kneel, and at their diſtance are,
Eſquires your foot-men, let the *knight* ſtand bare;
From the grand *Seignior* you may take the Wall,
Great *Dons* and *Dukes*, you *Tom* and *Dick* may call.
Fortune's a *Whore*, my temples that were crown'd
Muſt feel her laſhes when the wheel turns round.
Love winneth love, diſdain begets diſdain,
Who ſcorn the world, the world ſcorns them again.
Thoſe that will live magnificent and feel
His favour, muſt to mighty *Mammon* kneel:
Theſe were his *minions*, in his boſome lay.
True loyal Subjects, they his Laws obey;
Theſe were rewarded with all earthly bliſſes,
Swimm in his favour, crown'd with his kiſſes:
But I that could not bow to this *Apollo*,
Muſt *nolens*, *volens*, all diſgraces ſwallow.
My ſimple Outſide did theſe *Lapwings* fright,
Winters at hand, come let us take our flight,
Beſide the courteſie of friendly blows,
They took their laſt adieu with their kind toes.
The tall *groom-porter* ſpyde mine empty purſe,
Then whipt me from the preſence with a curſe.

M

My tongue was mute, my wrongs I durſt not tell,
But with my heels I bid this Court farewell;
And had not *patience* armed me in haſt,
To ward their blows, that day had been my laſt.
The *Inquiſition* made me wondrous ſick,
Leaſt they ſhould take me for ſome *Heretique*,
Whence no redemption till the grand aſſize,
When the graves open, and the dead ariſe:
Criminal faults they might have found good ſtore,
What greater *Blaſphemy* than to be poor;
And in their flames I might a *Martyr* fry,
Where ſimple honeſt is grand *Hereſy*;
What courteſie, what Civil entertainment,
When poor and honeſt came to their arraignment.
That ſome alledge there is a *Purgatory*,
Experience proves it is no fabulous ſtory.
'Tis eaſy to believe when we have ſeen it,
I can aſſure you I my ſelf was in it,
I prayd to all the *Saints* on my bare knee,
From *limbus patrum* now deliver me.
Remembring *Lot's* wife I durſt make no halt,
Leaſt I ſhould be diſſolved into *Salt*;
Fear would not let me ſtay, nor look behind,
But hoyſing ſail, with a brisk merry wind,
With all my wings for *England* I am gone,
To *London*, *Empreſs* of fair *Albion*;
Into this royal City then I pack Sir,
I met this common greeting, what de'e lack Sir?

Methought the word was ſweeter far then honey,
Will theſe kind Souls ſupply me without money?
This gentle ſalutation it did ſound
As if that *Paradice* were newly found
Where the fair beams, of the bright heavens do ſmile
All things provided without care and toyle.
Perhaps old *Saturn*, with his golden age,
Is here arriv'd from his long Pilgrimage.
Where curſed *mine* and *thine* was never known,
And no man durſt call any thing his own.
Mens minds were not inclos'd, that crying ſin,
For all the world was then one common Inn,
Landlord and *Tennant* names unknown, all ſhare
The whole creation common as the air,
The hoſpitable earth mans friendly hoſt,
Nature his hoſteſs, at whoſe proper coſt
Her gueſts were feaſted with a liberal hand,
To furniſh them ſhe plunders Sea and Land.
At their departure hence, for their long ſtay
The reckoning was brought in *nothing to pay*.
'Twas *Saturns* abſence caus'd the City's mourning,
And *Bonfires* now were made for his returning.
To make his welcome equal their deſire,
The bells for joy were melted in the fire.
I ſecretly within my ſelf thus praid,
Bleſt heavens, O noble City, be thine aid.
May every *Mayor* be a *Duke* or *Earl*,
Thy *Ships* return laden with gold and Pearl.

Buyin

Buying and ſelling baniſht, all things given
With a full hand, as they deſcend from heaven.
Let there be no *Apprentice*, but all *Freemen*,
And every thing as common as ſome women;
That fire which many thouſands did undoe,
O let it burn up their *Opinions* too;
Let every Soul be ruled by the *Dove*,
And no *Religion* in the world but *Love*,
That all mens hearts may ſhout with joy and mirth,
That heaven is now come down to dwell on earth.
Credulity it hath deceived many,
I would not be ungrateful unto any,
Nor at his civil courteſie to ſpurn,
This Anſwer to his Queſtion I return.

I want a Friend Sir. He in ſcorn did mutter,
It is a ware we never uſe to utter,
Tis not within the walls I dare be bold,
Nor any where in the large *Suburbs* ſold;
Tis a commodity quite out of faſhion,
And rarely to be found in the whole Nation,
Moore's brave *Utopia*, with a deluge drown'd,
Cover'd with water, no where to be found;
This world affords it not, it is a Gem
Was never ſeen but in *Jeruſalem*;
It hath no ſtain, nor intermitting foil;
But groweth there as in his native ſoil;
Their very walls are built with ſuch rich ſtone,

Millions of Pearls cemented into one.
The breath of love his friendly blaſt doth blow;
'Tis natural there, as enmity below:
Diſpos'd to good, ſo readily inclin'd,
They know not what it is to be unkind.
Some of our modern travellers do ſay,
'Twas lately found in *terra incognita*.
Sir we expect ſome Ships, but O I fear,
The voyage long, they'l not return this year.
A friend! it is the thing we moſt deſire, (fire.
'Twould ſave our ſhop from thieves, our houſe from
Pride's our beſt friend, on luſt we make our dinner,
At ev'ry meale we ſwallow up ſome ſinner.
But theſe thy friends ſcourge thee with many laſhes;
Melting thy ſtately buildings into Aſhes;
A dearth of friendſhip did invade this place,
Where plenty did put on a ſmiling face;
The thing call'd love, it was not to be found,
Pride and ambition did beſiege it round;
Miracles ceaſe, I had no cauſe to mourn,
If *Thames* to wine, and ſtones to bread would turn;
For aged *Pauls* was falling every day,
The famine great I could no longer ſtay,
My ſides grew lean, my bowells out of Tune,
Even in the height and heat of parching *June*;
With frozen entertainment here benumm'd,
I march, where the *Knights templers* lie intombed;
Theſe warriers, as I walk about the *Iſle*,

Did

Did seem to court me with a Souldiers smile,
The marbles were less stony then the men,
Who have exchang'd their swords into a pen,
The cruel murdering pen that in a word
Kills and cuts deeper than the keenest sword.
Your fleeces from their clients they do shear,
Your golden crops, your harvests in one year:
Were *Ceres* to the *Plowman* half so kind,
Hee'd skip and caper like the bouncing *Hind*;
His horses too, taking their masters mow,
Without their bells would dance before the Plow;
Their Ship can sail with all winds that do blow,
They reap the land which they did never sow:
The fat of all they put into their purses,
Together with the widdows tears and curses;
Their long demurs their bawling in mine ears,
Their *Pedlers french* drave me from hence with tears:
My cause *non-suited*, no man could befriend me,
Wanting my *Guardian-Angel* to defend me;
My *forma pauperis* was thrown o're the *Bar*,
Such men are mad that enter into *war*;
The gowned battail is not for the poor,
The remedy they find worse then the sore.
My *Dream* continu'd; in my sleep I saw,
A multitude in several bodies draw;
In antique shapes they move with various paces,
And yet methought there was more minds then faces:
All would have all men amble in their way,

And

And each did think his neighbour went astray;
Yet none did know upon what ground they stand,
Mistake the right, and turn to the left hand.
In the morning this side, which they change e're noon,
Like the *Chamelion*, or the pale-fac'd moon.
All strive to be aloft, their brains they beat
Who shall be placed in the highest seat;
In an uncertain slippery orb they reel,
Moved by that great pow'r that guides the wheel;
Those heads who now are crowned with a wreath,
At the next revolution fall beneath;
From their exalted *Empire* down they tumble,
Blessed saith wisdome are the meek and humble;
Who standing on the lowest step of all,
Are sure to rise, but can no lower fall,
Who swim in the smooth stream without a bladder;
By slow sure steps they climb up *Jacobs* ladder.
But these benighted wander from the road,
Loosing the narrow way they take the broad.
They are ignorant that great doth little grow,
And to be less than nothing, less do know:
Nothing no savour hath in mortal eyes,
But to be something is their Master-prize.
The battell is begun, see how they ruffle,
And ev'ry man doth with his neighbour scuffle;
Fury, grand captain of this cursed brawl,
Opinion is *Dictator* of them all:
Opinion with opinion is at odds,

And

And humane reaſon ſhe prepares the rods,
To whip the backs of ſtrugling Souls that wander
From the blind ſteps of this notorious *Pander*;
Whoſe beauty now hath loſt his virgin luſtre,
Like ſwarms of *Bees* or armies when they muſter.
Her baſtards multiply all like the mother,
And one opinion ſtill begets another.
Of this inceſtuous *Strumpet* old and rotten,
That bloody fratricide *Cain* was begotten;
Who when the world a little infant ſtood,
Taught men to ſacrifice with humane blood:
Who e're doth play *Religion* wins the game,
For now opinion ſhe aſſumes that name;
Thus by opinion and his brother fancy,
The world is overgrown with *Negromancy*;
True love, religion pure and undefiled,
A wandring *Pilgrim* from all hearts exiled;
With bloody noſes and with broken bones,
Like wanton boys they fight for cherry-ſtones;
Their ordnances play, their fury ſwells,
For a poor handfull of old rotten ſhells:
The *Nut* is good, who would not ſtrive to win it?
It hath a *pearl* when the ſweet kernell's in it:
Fond Strife hath crackt the *Nut*, the kernell's gone,
And now they quarreil for the ſhells alone.
It is not coloured dutyes fac'd with lyes,
Regeneration only wins the prize;
Although *Heaven-gates* ſtand open all the year,

None

None but a little child can enter there.
By their own works heavens pallace is not gain'd,
Mans righteousneſſe will not be entertain'd;
The word, the living word, a thundring dart,
Through bones & marrow wounds the panting heart:
It made the world e're *time and world* began,
And for mans ſake this word became *God-man*.
But they, O grand miſtake! knowing no better,
Confine the unconfined to the letter;
A noval-paper deity compounding,
The ſpirit with the written word confounding;
Their Sun is ſet, thick darkneſs doth invade,
In ſtead of light they dally in the ſhade:
Æſops devouring dog, a greedy glutton,
Diving to catch the ſhadow loſt the mutton.
Some *Dina* or *Diana* is the cauſe
Of all our woes, the breach of natures laws;
With an *Acheldema* of crimſon blood,
For trifling toys not rightly underſtood;
True knowledge clouded with Egyptian blindneſs,
All amity confounded with unkindneſs;
The law of love, the livery and token
Of *Chriſts diſciples*, by diviſion broken:
This is great *Babel*, mother of deluſion,
Strumpet of *Strumpets*, city of confuſion.
No peace no truth where *Jezabel* doth reign,
My hopes were dead, my heart was almoſt ſlain,
Sighing to ſee how all things did deceive me;

Is

Is this great world too narrow to receive me?
What hideous deluge doth o'rewhelm thy face,
That the poor *Dove* can find no reſting place?
A friend! an *Unicorn*! not to be found,
When inſtantly turning my body round,
A man, more then a man, a *God* did meet me,
With kind imbraces thus began to greet me:
Through *bogs* and *briers* wading in diſtreſs,
Why doſt thou wander in this *wilderneſs*?
When thou thy part haſt acted on the ſtage,
Poor *Pilgrim* thou muſt quit thy pilgrimage;
Time with his *Sickle* theſe falſe joys will ſever,
And when you parted are, you part for ever;
Wean thy bewitched Soul whilſt thou haſt breath,
Know this, there's no returning after death.
Theſe ſhort-liv'd tranſitory joys ride double,
Delight with ſorrow mixt, pleaſure and trouble:
Repentant tears of mourning after gladneſs,
A ſhowr of comfort interlin'd with madneſs.
Look up to him whoſe love is ſtill deſcending,
Whoſe greatneſs no beginning hath nor ending:
Enter ſweet *Paradice* with *Angels* ſinging,
Swim in the *Fountain* that is always ſpringing:
The glories of the world periſh in taſting,
Imbrace thoſe pleaſures that are everlaſting.
Follow my counſel, if thou wouldſt have reſt,
I'le lead thee where the *Doves* do build their Neſt;
VVhere thou ſhalt feaſt in fulneſs all the day,

A *lamb* among the *lambs* frolick and play.
Thou sow'st in fears and tears, hoping to find;
All that thou reapest here is froth and wind;
Hadst thou the whole world, 'Tis a little spot;
Fond fool, thy native countrey this is not.
This *Fabrick* is a cottage of small price,
My heart's thy pallace and thy paradice.
His breath was sweet, it sounded in mine ears
More pleasant then the musick of the *Spheres*;
Which gently blowing like a whisper came,
To kindle up loves fire into a flame:
Excellent consort, by whose charming tone
Our nature with his nature is made one.
Silencing man makes him for ever mute,
Jesus the *Lutanist*, *Christus* the *Lute*;
Christus the *Lute* the instrument of *Jesus*,
On whom he playes what melody he pleases.
Jesus Jehovah is the grand *Creator*,
Jesus in *Christo* the *Regenerator*;
Healer of Nations, good *Samaritan*,
The Son of *God* is now the son of man:
The mystery of mysteries indeed,
The blessed *Sower* is himself the *seed*;
The spirit by his overshadowing powers,
Doth breath his flaming heart of love in ours:
Duality confounded in this union,
Where heaven and earth do meet in full communion.
Ravish'd with wonder, I did kiss his feet

In

In whom all that is excellent doth meet;
The luſtre of his beauty all-divine,
Speeds through my veins, and made my face to ſhine:
I fix'd mine eye upon his face, that ſhone;
But O! upon a ſudden he was gone;
I turn'd me round about if I could ſee
The footſteps of my love, where he ſhould be;
My *Love*, my *Dove*, my *Joy*, my ſole delight,
What *Cherubin* hath ſnatch'd him from my ſight?
O where is my beloved? is he fled?
Dwells he among the living or the dead?
I'le ſearch the graves, perhaps death hath inrol'd him;
The marble *Sepulcher* could not hold him:
I'le climb the clifts for him that is my crown;
His power that made can pull the mountains down:
I'le ſcale the walls of heaven but I will gain him;
Fond fool! the heaven of heavens cannot contain him:
I mount the rocks 'gainſt which the *North-wind* rages:
They anſwer me, he is the rock of ages:
I travail to the *Woods*, is my *Love here*?
Eccho did anſwer, he lives every where:
To the ſtarry region then I take my flight;
He is the luminous center of all light,
Whoſe glorious beams continually do pierce
Through all the body of the *Univerſe*.
Mans ſoul's a ſparkle of this light divine,
Inlightned Souls do all the ſtars outſhine:
Whoſe radiance here hath not his full diſcloſing,

Eclipſed

Eclipſed by the bodies interpoſing.

Thence to the ſprings that Iſſue from the mountains,
Thy lover is the *Fountain* of all *Fountains*;
His boſome is a hill, whiter then *Snow*,
Whence water of eternal life doth flow;
Convey'd by power, through ſecret unknown allyes,
Deſcendeth down to bleſs the humble vallyes.
It is not drain'd by drawing, but runs quicker;
The thirſty Soul taſting this heavenly liquor,
Drinks liberal draughts, greedily pouring in,
Accounts ſobriety the greateſt ſin.

I ſound the rivers, but they anſwer all,
He is the *Sea* wherein all rivers fall;
That bounteous, boundleſs, bottomleſs abyſs,
Where little ſtreams are ſwallowed up in bliſs:
From this *Apollo* man's a ſparkling beam,
From this great *Ocean* a derived ſtream,
Springs, Rivers, Brooks, by heavens diſtilling rain,
United into one great *Sea* again.

True love is not a quainted with pale fear:
Armed with courage, to imbrace my *Dear*,
Unto the *Lyons den* I boldly came,
The *Lyon rampant* was an humble *Lambe*:
Here in this *Wilderneſs* I am a *King*;
When I do rear I make the *Forreſt* ring.

The

The *Elephant* his fear cannot diſſemble,
I make the *Leopard* and the *Tyger* tremble;
But I my ſelf am couchant and do fall
Before his preſence who is *King* of all.

Among the homely *Shepherds* then I ſtear,
Such as *King David* and the *Patriarchs* were;
Saw you my royal *Prince*? fond Soul, quoth they,
Who truſt in man are ſure to looſe the way:
We are lambs as thou art, Sheep of his dear fold,
In the number of his little ones inrol'd;
Cloſe by the river in fair flowry *Meadows*,
And *Mountains* alwayes green, he gently leads us:
'Tis true, we ſpring from his immortal line,
But he that is our *Paſtor* now is thine;
In his great power and glory we do ſwim,
Our *harps* and hearts are tuned all by him:
We are his inſtruments, his choice delights,
We are the *Song* which he himſelf indites;
With his own hand he toucheth all the ſtrings;
'Tis one that plays, 'tis one alone that ſings:
We are his written word, he the *Inditer*,
Look not upon the *writing*, but the *Writer*;
Enquire of him alone, on yonder rock
He ſweetly pipeth to his fleecy flock;
Go to him boldly man, thou needſt not doubt him,
His pretty *lambs* are dancing round about him,
Dancing for joy, there's nothing now can fear them,

The greedy *Wolf* and *Fox* cannot come near them;
The bearded *Goats* apart from him do ſtand,
The little *Lambs* he feeds with his own hand:
In his warm tender boſome they are nurſt,
With his heart-blood he ſatisfies their thirſt.
To pay their debts, upon the *Croſs* he hung;
Good *Pellican* that bleeds to feed his young.

TRANSPORT.

My ſoul mad drunk with love, that ſtill did mi
Among the Doves I cannot chooſe but find him (hi
Dreſt in the flames of love; ſaw you my *Dear*?
One milk-white *Dove* did whiſper in mine ear,
Behold in yonder flouriſhing *Grove* of *Mirtles*
Thy *Lover* ſits, the *King* of all the *Turtles*;
His mate ſo conſtant, that he doth not doubt her,
His love ſo great he cannot live without her;
He courts, and to be courted ſhe is willing;
Muſick of hearts whoſe melody is billing.
In an eternal knot eſpous'd they be,
He full of love, a modeſt *Virgin* ſhe;
His love eternal is, and hath no date,
He is thy *Turtle*, and thou art his *Mate*:
Father of *Spirits*, *Angels*, and the reſt,
Bright flame of love within *Jehovahs* breſt,
Upon the day of *Penticoſt* he came,

With cloven tongues, and in a fiery flame,
This ſpreading fire from *Eaſt* to *Weſt* was hurl'd,
Whoſe holy ſparks did kindle all the world;
Till *Antichriſt* did poyſon this pure life,
And quench this heavenly fire with floods of ſtrife:
But now he's come the ſecond time, whoſe breath
Will plague the *Beaſt*, and whip the *Whore* to death.
Unto the ſturdy *Plowman* then I paſs,
Such as of old the *Prophet Amos* was;
Rid my *Love* this way on his milk white *Steed*?
Amos reply'd, thy *Lover* is the *Seed*;
He ſows himſelf into thy fruitful mind,
That at the *Harveſt* he himſelf may find;
There's nothing but himſelf that he doth ſave,
All but himſelf lyes rotting in the Grave;
The perfect new man which from heaven deſcended
Returns, when this frail mortal life is ended;
Thy Soul's the *Land* where he himſelf doth ſow,
The *Spirits* holy breath makes it to grow;
Refreſhed by the heavens diſtilling rain,
It multiplies into a field of grain;
All flowers of *Paradice* grow to delight 'um,
Grace after grace ſprings up *ad infinitum*.

Inquiring of the *Shrubs*, who weep and mourn,
Hanging their heads, this anſwer they return;
By reſignation and humilitie,
A little *Plant* becomes a ſtately *Tree*;

All look on *Trees* that on the *Mountains* grow,
But thoſe are ſafeſt that are plac'd below;
Jehovah's thunder doth not overtake them,
The wildeſt *Hurricano* cannot ſhake them:
They flouriſh like the *Lillies*, without care;
He is their life, and they his being are.

I march among the *Rich* hoping to find him,
Voluptuous pomp gave them no time to mind him;
Ratling of *Coaches* in their brain did rout them,
A train of *Sycophants* plac'd round about them,
Whoſe ſoothing language laviſhly did meaſure
Their *Summum bonum* to conſiſt in pleaſure.
The world's a *Hogſtye*, (O that word *hereafter!*)
Where men like *Swine* are fatted for the ſlaughter.

I row my *Boat* unto the ragged ſhoar,
To the deſpiſed, rich, contented poor,
Who in the heavens have laid up all their treaſure,
Where they have riches without end or meaſure.
Where reſts my love, when *Sol* at noon is riding
Upon his flaming *Steeds*? where's his abiding?
He dwelleth in the low and humble mind,
That proſtrate lyes before his feet reſign'd.
Such ſimple innocence without all ſkill,
Like new-born babes that know no good nor ill,
Poor naked nothings, numbred with the dead,
Have ſold their ornaments for heavenly bread;

Whoſe

Whose souls are purifyed from filthy mire,
By passing through the *Purgatorian* fire:
A noble battail 'gainst themselves proclaim'd,
Their passions and affections wholly tam'd;
Great *Alexander* with his noble crew,
Conquering the world, the world could not subdue;
Another *Empire* large he had to win,
To tame that little world that was within:
We that are crown'd with double victory,
In these poor Coats are greater *Kings* than he.

To the *University* I set my face,
Among the *Rabbies* of that reverend place:
I hunted out the chief for fame reputed,
And unexpectedly I was saluted
By one whose beard was snow, whose face was frost,
Train'd in the noble School of *Penticost*,
In *Christ-church Colledge* a resplendent light,
And by degree a learned *Jesuite*;
Chief of that Order, with all knowledge blest,
Skil'd in the heavenly *Magick* of the east;
Twas one of those brave *Magi*, that from far
Did visit *Jesus*, guided by a *Star*,
Offering rich presents, *Frankincense* and *Spice*;
To offer me his councel was not nice;
And that he might my lawful audience win,
He kist me thrice, and thus he did begin.
What vanity, on childish arts to look!

And leave unſtudied thine own learned book;
Thy book hath but three leaves, leaves that are few,
The wiſdom great, all that all worlds can ſhew:
Thy Soul's that noble book, wherein doth lye
Heaven, hell, and earth, time, and Eternity;
He that can read this book, he muſt inherit
The wiſdom of the *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit*:
This book hath long been claps'd and clos'd within,
Seal'd and ſhut up by th' angry *Cherubin*:
In heaven and earth none worthy, none was fit,
But the dear *Lamb*, *God*'s heart, to open it;
To keep it lockt the anger did decree,
Love did unſeal the book and ſet it free;
A *Library* of books in this book find
Printed, and fairly written in thy mind,
Whoſe lines are gold indited by the *Dove*,
Whoſe letters are the ſparkling flames of love:
Teipſum noſce, leave their *tittle tattle*,
And then thou knoweſt more then *Ariſtotle*;
Study thy ſelf, if thou wouldſt knowledge win,
Faith will unlock the golden gate within:
Let wiſdome bridle paſſions in the Soul,
Good Servants, but ill Lords, if they controul:
Hell lies in wait to crucify thy lover,
Heaven with it's *Angels* at thy door doth hover,
Seraphick Angels with immortal power,
Thy *Guardian* ſtrength, attend thee every hour:
Vain roving thoughts, Moſs troopers do way lay thee,

With

With their hail *Maſter*, kiſs thee to betray thee;
Thought follows thought as wave on waves do roul,
And all to ſteal away the wandring Soul;
Like thieving *Pickaroons*, in *Neptunes* hall,
They ſail about thy brain to plunder all;
If they once bring thine heart unto their ſhoar,
Poor *Gally-ſlave* they'l chain thee to the Oar;
O keep thine heart intire for him alone
Who rules the heavens, & makes thy heart his throne.
This lower world is a deceitful cage,
Where mortals act their part as on a ſtage:
Some march into the field, and ſome retreat,
Diſguis'd like *Maſkers*, all is but a cheat:
Play how you pleaſe, when you have thrown your caſt
Death comes and ſweeps away the ſtake at laſt;
Look not ſo big, thy life is but a ſpan,
'Tis a wiſe part to act the honeſt man;
For toys thy future bliſs do not deſtroy,
Prepare thy mind for that ſweet land of joy.
Where all things do in equal temper grow,
Nor hot nor cold, with you it is not ſo:
The torrid *Zone* burns up the fruitful graſs,
The frigid turns it all to icy glaſs;
There love and anger both together dwell,
A countrey ſeated between heaven and hell;
With you love friezes, and grows wondrous cold,
Our conſtant amities are never old.
That friendſhip which ſome thouſand years hath run,

Is now as freſh as when it firſt begun.
Things alwayes preſent, nothing paſt and gone,
One heart, one mind, we number all by one.
Arithmetick with us allows not two,
To ſing and love is all we have to doe.
In every ſoul love throws his flaming darts;
The flame's ſo great, no froſt can frieze our hearts:
Incompaſt with the glories of the *Dove*,
Whoſe gentle breath doth melt us into love.
Nothing ſo kind as he who is our brother,
Nothing ſo dear as we to one another.
Love without wrath, whoſe garment hath no ſpot,
Tyes all our hearts in one eternal knot.
No ſtriving to be high or to be beſt,
For he's the greateſt *Prince* that is the leaſt.
He ſtands upon the mount and is moſt tall,
Who is the humbleſt and the low'ſt of all;
Titles of honour, bubbles in the air,
Why ſhould they ſoar? who noble *princes* are;
Ambitious *Nimrods*, who to heaven wo'd climbe,
The tower of honour, long before their time.
All aim at greatneſs, all men wo'd be *Kings*:
They take their flight with raw unplumed wings;
Thoſe that in ſweet humility lye low,
Are lifted up whether they will or no.
To purchaſe *Dukedoms* we take no delight,
The meaneſt Subject in this land's a *Knight*;
The name of *Earl*, what honour doth it bring

To

To him that is enthron'd a crowned *King*?
We wear the crown which you now ſtrive to win.
Look not on things below, but turn thou in
With all the ſtrength of faith, and thou ſhalt ſee
The *Star* that guided us will tutor thee:
He'l lay thy ſoul in ſuch a ſlumbring trance,
Thou wilt admire thy former ignorance,
When he ſhall freely to thy Soul impart
The open cabinet of his rich heart;
In the clear beams of loves eternal light,
The *Prophets* and *Apoſtles*, they did write:
Their book ſtood open, where was drawn in pages
The *Hiſtory* of all ſucceeding ages;
Things preſent, paſt, to come, as they did paſs,
Were repreſented in a perfect glaſs;
And if their book of life were once unſealed,
All things to all man-kind would be revealed.
My time is ſpent appointed by the powers,
The *Angels* call me to their criſtal bowers;
Since thou muſt dwell among the Sons of men,
In this vain world a forlorn Citizen,
Follow my Councel, and all *Idols* quit,
The rock Self-love, where millions have been ſplit:
'Tis ſelf that ſeeks to mount into the Saddle,
That he may murder *Jeſus* in the cradle;
It ſwept like a dire plague, where e're it ran,
And hath infected all this world call'd *man*,
In an inſulting domineering high rant,

Stalks

Stalks in the ſteps of the *Sicilian* Tyrant
This word call'd *Love*, which makes the world run
Hath now more faces than e're *Janus* had; (mad,
Many falſe *loves* there are, for in the tryal,
The *Touchſtone* proves there is but one that's loyal;
The *Puritan* will ſing an amorous *Sonnet*,
To ſenſual *love* the *Zelot* vails his *Bonnet*,
All light their *Torches* at *Don Cupid*'s lamp;
This *baſtard love* hath not the royal ſtamp.
For ſome fair face *madmen* and *fools* will dye,
Becauſe it is delightful to the eye.
For gold men ſail o're Seas of flaming fire,
Becauſe it gives them all they can deſire;
Flowers, whoſe pleaſing odors do excell,
We love not for themſelves, but for their ſmell;
Whatſoe're pleaſeth, all men ſtrive to win it,
And at the bottome ſelf is ſtill within it:
This coin it will not paſs, 'tis counterfeit,
Self love is grown to be a general cheat;
'Tis chaff that's blown away with every fan,
All creatures have this love as much as man;
Unfixed meteors like the wandring light,
Which doth deceive the *Paſſenger* by night;
Friendſhip's diſſolv'd, and love grows wondrous lean,
When greater intereſts do intervene;
Love from the fountain, which is rarely found,
Loves 'cauſe it loves, and hath none other ground.
Canſt thou love lovelineſs when clouds do ſhade it,

Not

Not for thy intereſt, but his that made it?
Canſt thou with love and pity then bemoan it,
Becauſe it hath his ſuperſcription on it?
Canſt thou draw *Fountain*-water from a puddle,
And ſwim in joy in the height and top of trouble?
Canſt thou make croſſes thy delight and pleaſure,
And from the depths of hell drag heaps of treaſure?
A *Virgin* undefiled in the mire?
Eat *Thunderbolts* and ſwallow flaming fire?
Canſt thou with *Jonathan* a *David* take,
When *Scepter*, *Crown* and *Kingdom*, lye at ſtake?
Canſt thou imbrace what all men diſcommend?
Call naked poverty thy boſome friend?
What mortals fear, canſt thou ſhake hands with, *death*,
When he doth come to blow away thy breath?
Couldſt thou a ſacrificed *Victim* be,
For him that lyes in wait to murder thee?
Canſt thou write ſelf i' th' number of the *Martyrs*?
And lay poor *Lazarus* where thy *Strumpet* quarters?
Thy dear and onely *Iſaac*, canſt thou leave him
In his fair hands from whom thou didſt receive him?
Haſt thou this love, though it be ne're ſo little?
Then thou haſt ſomething that deſerves the title!
The myſteries this good man did unfold
I wiſh'd they had been written all in gold;
Tranſported with high wonder and delight,
Ending his ſpeech, he vaniſht out of ſight.
To *Pharaoh*'s plenteous land I next did row,

Which

Which famous fruitful *Nile* did overflow:
The land was good but for a curſed law,
That I my ſelf muſt gather all my ſtraw:
To make my tale of *bricks*, if I grew dull,
My ſhoulders paid the reckoning to the full;
And what was worſe, my mind doth yet abhor it,
My work being done I had no wages for it;
Some that did ſing and caroll all the day,
Carouſe and tipple, they had all the pay;
Theſe ſpent their time in merriment and laughing,
Rewarded richly with a crown for quaffing.
We feed and intercommon with the *ſwine*,
They at their great Lords table daily dine.
To ſwallow bran and husks we are not nice,
They banquet on the fruit of *Paradice*:
Impriſon'd like a *blackbird* in a *Cage*,
Poor puddle-water is our *beverage*;
Rich *Nectar* cannot their quick pallate ſcape,
Nor the heart-blood of the moſt noble *grape*;
With golden ornaments and ſilk arraid,
On beds of *down* with *diamonds* o'relaid
They reſt, and feaſt in jollity and mirth:
Our bones in rags on the deſpiſed earth.
What e're they do, is paid with ſmiles and graces,
Our crimes are all unboweld to our faces,
For which, beſide the ſorrow and the coſt,
Our backs are feaſted at ſome *Whipping-poſt*:
Theſe have no other leader but the *Dove*,

Their

Their meat, their drink, their rich attire is love.
They *Kings* and *Princes* are; no cruel law,
Conſcience to fright, or keep their minds in awe;
They dance, they ſing, they frollick, ſport and play,
For all the year is but one *holyday*;
The father does the *work*, the children play,
And yet the father does the children pay;
Theſe children dear he kindly doth imbrace;
VVe are *Abortives* and of *Baſtard* race;
VVith full deep draughts they drink all ſorrow down,
The deepeſt *drinker* wears the greateſt *crown*.
VVith oaths they tear the ſtars out of the skie,
And make the trembling fearful *Devils* fly,
Frighting the *Hypocrite* out of his wits,
Yet no dark cloud upon their conſcience ſits;
Moſes is dead long ſince, who did command,
Jehovah takes the *Scepter* in his hand:
Jeſus the *God* of love, his love imparts,
VVriting his Law of love in all their hearts;
O what is *Moſes*, what are all his laws,
VVanting the witneſs to maintain the cauſe;
The *Holy Spirit* he can only cure ye,
He is the *Judge*, the *witneſs*, and the *Jury*:
In *Pharaohs* land the laws they were not good,
VVritten in *Characters* of humane blood;
Thoſe that dwelt here did labour to be poor,
Had this reward, to waſh the *Blackamoor*,
VVith menaces and blows, becauſe they went

On

On their own errant, when they were not ſent.
An unſure path, this was their overthrow,
They wait not till their Leader bid them go.
Inſtead of *Peters pallace* headlong tumbling
Into the pit, where *Cerberus* ſits grumbling.
VVhat though *heaven-gate* ſtand open all the year,
None but the *new man* hath admittance there:
This little *Infant* is that lovely boy,
That leads the Soul to everlaſting joy.
I fled from hence when no body did mind me,
Leaving this *Countrey* with a curſe behind me:
Now for the *Wilderneſs* with all my ſails,
To gather *Manna*, but I met with *Quails*.
A merry *Crew* with feaſting and good cheer,
About a fooliſh *Calf* were dauncing here;
Moſes was in the *mount*, where he did draw
Tables of *Stone*; but who regards his *Law*?
They'r not amaz'd, nor ſtartle at the wonder,
Though it receiv'd it's birth in horrid thunder,
Unlike the *Goſpel*, that with gentle voice
Did make their hearts in melting tears rejoyce;
Bewailing theſe this in my mind did come,
How many *Calves* are there in *Chriſtendome*?
And thoſe that ſee old *Iſrael* go aſtray,
Perhaps do worſhip *Calves* as well as they.
VVhat quarrels ev'ry where, what fruitleſs odds?
About their wafer, water, *paper-gods*;
VVe ſtile them *heathens* who the *Stars* did hallow,

Falling

Falling in zeal before their great *Apollo*;
When thoſe that ſee their error (that is known)
With open eye cannot behold their own;
All men are *Archers* roving in the dark,
Their arrow flies to ſome miſtaken mark.
Our aim ſhould be at heaven alone, but O!
The earth is ſtill between, we ſhoot too low;
Some *Dallila*, ſome creature, we are wide all,
And every man's his own beloved *Idol*:
The griping *Uſurer* can take no reſt,
For dreaming of his *Idol* in the *Cheſt*;
The ambitious man with new invented Oaths,
Swears by his honour, and his painted cloaths:
The *Lover's* fetter'd in *Don Cupids* cord,
The *Souldier* boldly ſwears by his good ſword;
The *Schollar* on his *Concubine* doth look,
Vows he will have no *Miſtriſs* but his *Book*;
He call's it *bigamy* to ſport and kiſs,
Or marry any other *Wife* but this;
Out of his little ſenſes he doth run,
To find the earth dancing about the *Sun*;
Man, man, too little, or too much doth prize,
'Tis ſafe to love, but not to *Idolize*,
Wife, *children*, *lands*, deſcent from noble birth,
Titles of honor, *Demy-gods* on earth.
Rather then fail abroad, at home we find,
Millions of *Images* within the mind,
Neat *Images* carv'd out with curious art,

And all those flatt'ring *Idolls* of the heart;
As *Cannon-bullets* with impetuous force
Cut through the air, taking their violent course,
Not resting, though they fly with eager wing,
Til they return to earth whence they did spring.
So man, whose Soul's a sparkle of that flame,
Breath'd by the *Holy spirit*, whence it came,
Like *Noahs dove* can find no steddy footing,
Till it reenter where he had his rooting:
In the true ballance 'tis most just and fit,
To give the Soul to him that framed it.
'Twill stand in no place but where it first grew,
'Tis general peace when *Cæsar* hath his due.
This makes the IV to quarrell in great pain,
Strugling and striving to return again:
Into the only one pure element,
Their first dear mother where they have content:
This is the root of all their disagreeing,
Because they are not in their pristine being;
For which the universal frame doth mourn,
Groaning with sighs, and panting to return:
Israel for forty years was try'd and tost.
But I could stay no longer in this coast,
This countrey could not win my approbation,
It look'd so like the land of desolation;
Where parching *Southern* winds do always blow
Where *Corn* and *grass* was never known to grow;
For *Canaan* now wing'd with the rosy morn.

That

That holy land where my dear *Prince* was born;
I found thoſe ſweet and bleſſed habitations
Were *Joſhua* dwelt, poſſeſt by barbarous nations;
King Davids greatneſs like a *Dream* was gone,
And all the gloryes of *King Solomon*:
Old *Jacob* ſaid with grave and reverent brow,
The land thou ſeeſt, it is not *Canaan* now;
Canaan a garden, which the heavens did dreſs,
Is now become a barren *wilderneſs*;
Here in this land a Sun aroſe moſt bright,
Whoſe luſter to the lower world gave light;
The Son of God, the glory of each nation,
In fleſh and blood took up his habitation:
To bleſs the world he from my loins did ſpring;
But he that was my Son, is now my *King*.
Tranſplendent light ſeal'd with *Jehovahs* ſtamp,
My baſtard children quench'd this glorious lamp;
This land, which *Prophets* and *Apoſtles* nurſt,
Is for their crying murthering crime accurſt,
For which they are diſpers'd in ev'ry part.
Would'ſt thou ſee *Canaan*, 'tis within thy heart;
This is *King Davids* Scepter, and his throne,
This is the temple of *King Solomon*.
Urim and *Thummim* ſeek, and thou ſhalt find,
Holy of holies is within thy mind,
Wreſtle with *God* as I did, boldly wreſtle,
Like ſome brave Souldier when he ſtorms a *Caſtle*,
Or's mounting up to ſome ſtrong *Cittadell*,

Victorious faith doth conquer heaven and hell.
The fearfull *coward* meets with many a croſs,
Returning from the battel ſtill with loſs:
Laodicea was reprov'd of old,
For her *Lukewarmneſs*, neither hot nor cold;
In mine encounter I did boldly ſay,
I am reſolv'd to die, or win the day:
'Tis known through all the world, I do not boaſt,
I did incounter with the Lord of *hoſt*,
Who holdeth in his hand *lightning* and fire,
Till he had granted all I could deſire.
I would not let him go, but held him faſt
In my ſtrong arm of confidence imbrac't;
In this power *Labans* craft I overcame,
Chang'd *Eſau's Lyon* to a gentle *lambe*;
And in the viſion which was clearly given,
Faith is the ladder which doth reach to heaven;
Earth link'd to heavenboth kingdoms comprehending,
Throne-*Angels* ſwift aſcending and deſcending.
'Twas not a meſs of *pottage* rarely dreſt,
Cookt out with art, to furniſh *Eſau's* feaſt;
All conquering faith begat that princely boy,
Give me the bleſſing which you now enjoy,
Promis'd to *Abraham* for's reſignation,
In *Iſaac's* line, a crown to ev'ry nation;
The bleſſing fix'd in ev'ry revolution,
Though *Solomons Temple* had its diſſolution.
All outward glories are ecclips'd and gone,

'Th

The *King* of *Kings* call's for the heart alone.
He is, he was before the world begun;
All things do praiſe his name, why ſhould not man?
Uncomprehended, all things comprehending,
His glory no beginning hath, nor ending.
The *Angels* ſing inſpir'd with heavenly flame,
All glory, glory, glory, to his name;
Spirits of juſt men in a holy dance,
Lift up their hands for their deliverance;
Rejoycing that the tree which knowledge bore,
Blaſted in their fair garden, grows no more,
Torn by the root with all its baſtard race,
The tree of *Life* replanted in the place.
The *Nightingal* in warbling roundelaies,
Doth make the *Vallies* eccho forth his praiſe.
The little *Lark* mounts up with ſoaring wing,
As he wo'd teach the *Cherubins* to ſing.
About *Religion* they are not at odds,
But ſing as merrily as the old *Gods*:
The little worms which on the earth do crawl,
Boldly intitle him, their *all in all*.
All disagreeing forms in this agreeing,
He is, he was, the being of all beings.
And thou with cheerfull heart, chant forth his praiſe,
Although thy pen cannot deſerve the bays;
Keep on that humble pace thou haſt begun,
Untill thy glaſs it's utmoſt *Sand* hath run.

Enough was ſaid to ſatisfie my mind,
I could not ſee, for *Love* had made me blind;
Love hath no ears nor eyes, I call, I cry,
Give me my *Love* again for whom I die;
Let *Cupids* army all their forces joyn,
Angels to boot, no *Love* was e're like mine:
Bring *Damons Love* to *Pithias* on the ſtage,
Who fear'd not death, nor *Dyoniſius's* rage:
Set *Davids* love to his dear *Jonathan*,
Bring all the love of all men into one,
Bring womans too, whoſe quick mild ſparkling beams
Makes them moſt excellent in both extreams;
Yet mine excells, exceeds them all as far
As great *Apollo* doth the meaneſt ſtar.
The *Uſurer*, *Italian-like*, in's breſt
Locks his dear *Dallila*, in his dark cheſt.
The *love* to woman doth with beauty die,
If *Vertues* chain be not the ſacred tie:
But mine that cannot periſh in the taſting,
Is like the noble object *everlaſting*;
A *love* unmeaſurable, and unbounded,
Where firm Foundation cannot be confounded:
Why then mine only joy doſt thou remove,
From him that hath no life but in thy *love*?
The very earth where thou thy foot doſt ſet,
Doth ſmell more ſweet than *Roſe* or *Violet*.
My happineſs, my dear delight is loſt,
He's gone to heaven, and thither will I poſt;

If

If any *Spirit* in my way ſhall ſtand,
Angels, *Arch-angels*, are at my command;
Faith joyn'd with love controuleth the abyſs,
And forceth entrance where no entrance is;
It batters walls, and breaks down ev'ry fence,
For heaven it ſelf is won by violence;
It charms the *Lyons* heart with ſacred *Spell*,
They have no power to touch a *Daniel*;
Subdueth *Tyrants*, and their armed band,
Walks on the *Sea* as if it were dry land;
It cuts a paſſage through the watry Stream,
And raiſeth *Laz'rus* from his drouzy dream:
The walls of *Jericho* it doth deflowr,
It ſtormeth hell, and conquers heaven with power,
Commandeth trembling *Devils* to retreat,
Removeth lofty mountains from their Seat;
It bids one *Sea* divide it ſelf in two;
What thing ſo difficult *Faith* cannot do?
Our *Souls* are tinder, burning in deſire,
Faith is the flint that ſtriketh up the fire;
Which being kindled by the gentle *Lamb*,
The *Spirit* blows, and turns it all to flame.
My dear and only *jewel* do not fly me,
Arm'd with this faith, thy power can't deny me;
It is decreed, though thouſand deaths I die,
Nothing ſhall ſeperate my *Love* and I;
Through *Daniels* furnace, and the flames of hell,
I'le paſs to find where my dear *Love* doth dwell.

Let hell heap all her fire, fuell on fuell,
Nor heaven nor hell ſhall rob me of my *jewell*;
Though all created things ſhould ſtrive to thwart us,
Devils, nor men, nor *Angels* ſhall not part us:
With him for ever I'm reſolv'd to dwell,
Without whoſe preſence heaven it ſelf were hell.
O what were *Paradice*, if we could win it,
Heaven is not heaven, and my ſweet *Lord* not in it:
That heaven is heaven, where all delights do grow;
It is the ſmiling eye that makes it ſo;
His frown's the houſe of torment, and of night;
'Tis *paradice* to be his *Favourite*;
My Soul's a priſoner, none but *love* can bail her,
Give me that *Priſon*, where *love* is the *Gaoler*.

Hearing my cries, and into pitty breaking,
He was within me while I was thus ſpeaking;
Words that did love and pitty, both provoke them,
Though I was ignorant, 'twas he that ſpoke them;
He toucht mine heart, but I had loſt my feeling,
He like the rock did ſtand, but I was reeling:
With amorous *wine* mad drunk, my heart lay panting,
Something I wanted, knew not what was wanting;
I ſought in forrain countreys every way,
For that rich *pearl* which in my boſome lay;
Through *Aſia*, *Europe*, *Affrica* I roam,
Hunting abroad, my *Jewell* was at home.
He preſent was, his preſence unrevealed,

He ſtood before me, but mine eyes were ſealed.
His ſeeming diſtance was a piercing dart,
Though he was never abſent from my heart;
He alwayes lodged in mine heart I ſee,
Twas my beloved was that faith in me;
I knock at heavens bright gate, my way was blocedk,
It was not I, but he in me, that knocked;
Who like a wanton *lamb*, or ſkipping *Hind*,
In jollity was ſporting in my mind;
With holy violence the door flew open,
The brazen locks, all bolts and bars were broken.
Enter the Royal Fort which thou haſt gained,
Fountain of wiſdom, holy love unſtained;
Take up thy lodging in my ſmiling eye,
Wherein unknown, unmeaſured treaſures lye;
With keeneſt *arrow* draw thy bended bow,
But when thou aim'ſt, aim not at things below:
Thou ſhoot'ſt at ſuch a mark, that will deceive thee,
When ſtorms ariſe, theſe treacherous friends will leave thee;
They fleet & flutter like the air that's ranging,
All *Sublunaries* ſubject are to changing:
The *Stars and Planets*, like the giddy *Ocean*,
Wander uncertainly with wanton motion
This day, as their aſpects would never fade,
Before the next morn they run retrograde.
If *Jupiter* the knot of *love* doth tye,
Saturn and *Mars* diſſolve the harmony;
Hath *Venus* a fine web of friendſhip ſpun,

Mercury ravells all that ſhe hath done;
Though *Sol* be hot, *Luna* is wondrous cold,
Freſh youthful amities on earth grow old;
Art thou infected with ſome ſtrong diſeaſe,
Why doſt thou run unto the *Stars* for eaſe?
How can thy Soul be cur'd with poiſonous plaiſters?
Theſe are thy Servants, make them not thy Maſters.
Their whirling wheel is alwayes running round,
Build not thy hope on ſuch uncertain ground;
Though by thy fall thou art of low degree,
I'le mount thee to a throne, and marry thee;
That I am *Lord* all creatures they ſhall know,
I made thee *King Vicegerent* here below:
By diſobedience thou didſt forfeit all,
I'le make thee greater, ſtronger by thy fall;
I'le land thee on the ſweet delightfull Shore,
The land of *Peace* whence thou canſt fall no more.
Thou art my *Virgin-bride*, I will aſſure thee,
With endleſs joys my heart ſhall be thy Dowry:
Treaſures and pleaſures of the greateſt price,
With all the gloryes of ſweet *Paradice*;
In mine infolded arms I le gently take thee;
When all the world of ſlippery friends forſake thee.
The world doth love it ſelf, it's own is deareſt,
When it is furtheſt off, then am I neareſt.
When friendly death ſhall cut thy fatall clue,
Thine extream unction, ſhall be Hallelue;
Death ſhall no *Cobling* nor no *Bugbear* be,

But

But a ſafe paſſage to felicity.
A friendly *Ferry-man* to waft thee o're,
Safe from all danger to th' *Elyſian* ſhore.
What if he take this garment off that's worn,
Withered with age, with *winters* fury torn?
From mine own *Wardrobe* I will cloath my *Dear*,
With garment rich, ſuch as the *Angels* wear;
I'le give thee *Adams* garment without ſpot,
When he was naked, and yet knew it not;
Rivers of heavenly *wine* full to the brim,
Wherein the *Prophets* and *Apoſtles* ſwim;
Anthems of joy, thy Soul for ever ſinging,
The *Tree* of *life* in thine own boſome ſpringing;
With all the favours of my love I'le grace thee,
With *Doves* and towring *Eagles* I will place thee,
With all the little *lambs* that know no guile,
With conſtant *Martyrs* that in death did ſmile;
With *Cherubins* and *Seraphims* inrol'd,
And all the princely *Patriarchs* of old,
With *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, *Jacob*, and the *Quire*
That chant my praiſes on *King Davids* lyre.
And thou that doſt delight in humble verſe,
Poor homely ſtrains, my glory to rehearſe,
Chanting my praiſe and *Babels* overthrow,
Shalt ſing a new *Song* which thou doſt not know;
Thy *Ship* hath ſail'd on *Seas* where billows roar,
On thy right hand behold the pleaſant ſhoar;
Now having run thy rude tempeſtuous race,

Thy

Thy travells end, caſt *Anchor* in this place.
This is the place of pleaſure and delight,
Upon this Rock thy *ne plus ultra* write;
Set up thy *Pillar* here, 'tis holy ground,
This is the Rock which hell cannot confound;
My ſleep unto its period now was come,
I wiſht 'thad laſted till the day of doom.
The miracles I ſaw in this ſhort *Dream*,
For ſome brave *Poet* were a noble *Theam*,
Sweet flowing pens, tears from all eyes compelling,
But mine perhaps hath ſpoyl'd the *Tale* in telling;
The Sight, ſtrange wonder and amazement drew,
For when I wak'd, I found it to be true.

IIER Bevoriale.

I sing no civil war, nor what did fall
To *Palmerine* or *Amadis de gaul*:
Prince Arthurs story shall no paper blot,
Nor the conceited pranks of *Don Quixot*;
If mad *Orlando* wild and furious be,
What's his divine *Angellica* to me?
Rouze they that list the *Lyon* in his den,
A brisk and *Bonny-Tale* flows from my pen;
Like the idle *dreams* fanta ue *Poets* faign,
Or those fond *Fables Midwives* entertain
Over a smiling cup of simpering *Ale*
Of tall *Tom Thumb*, and doughty *Jack* o' th' *Vale*.
Now lend your ear, as we from *Belvoir* came,
Own'd by a noble Lord, and princely *Dame*,
All our discourse, our welcome, and our cheer,
Our merry hearts light, as our *Purses* were:
We had no ships at *Sea*, to make us sad,
Lost in a tempest when the winds are mad;
We never did abuse the *Commonweal*,
By vertue of our place, and the *Broad Seal*,
As some Land *Pirates*, nor all down the hate

And

And heavy curſe of an incenſed *State*;
We broach no projects, no inventions brew,
Nor damn old *Doctrine* by inventing new:
Plunder the publick for our private gain,
Nor are we *Spyes* or *Pentioners* to *Spain*:
I hope it is no *Treaſon* then to ſing,
And ſay, *God bleſs our Soveraign Lord the KING.*
With ſuch cleer Souls like ſober *Snails* we creep
To our deſired *Harbour* where we ſleep
Sounder than *Swallows*, or induſtrious *Bees*,
Who reſt all winter in old hollow trees.
Sol now is climbing up the Eaſtern hill,
Our *mornings-draught* good boy, and then a *Bill.*
imis Sawce, what Reck'ning have we here?
m for *Fire*, *Tobacco*, *wine and Beer*:
Summa totalis: Well the to'ther pot,
And then thy *Miſtriſs* lip ſhall cleer the ſhot.
So taking leave of ev'ry *Chamberlain*,
Lo at the door, the *Ghoſt* of *Tamberlain*,
Ofbulk as burly as an *Oak*, ſtood forth
A ſturdy *Gallant* ſailing from the *North*:
Fair *Sirs*, ſaid he, will you be pleas'd to own
A wandring *Traveller* that is unknown;
The ways are foul, and we have far to ride,
He that's alone doth meaſure ev'ry ſtride:
That in the tented field I have been bred,
Where winking *Stars* have lighted me to bed,
Circled with pale-fac'd *Death* on ev'ry ſide,

Is

ſuch a truth that cannot be deny'd;
eap you the pleaſure of my paſſed broils,
eed on my language, and forget the miles.
o this in courteſie we did conſent,
o up we got, and on our Journey went.
o pay my love, which he accounts a charge,
e draws the *Picture* of his life at large:
y *Jove* ſaid he, I more degrees have run,
han *Drake* or *Candiſh*, or the trav'ling *Sun*;
he proudeſt *Kingdoms* in the world have kiſt
y wandring foot, I have them in a liſt,
ina, *Madagaſcar*, and *Japan*;
ook in the *Map*, the world is but a ſpan,
he *Globe* a *Foot-ball* kickt from pole to pole;
e that hath *Gold* is ſure to win the *Goale*.
y ſelf firſt found the paſſage to *Cathay*,
rra del Fogo, and *incognita*;
hot the *Gulph*, leapt o're the Line at noon,
hence paſſed to the new world in the *moon*;
he horrid battails, O the diſmall wars
hat I have ſeen, witneſs theſe ſpeaking ſkars,
hich like ſo many gaping mouths appear,
nd I as *bracelets* on my limbs do wear.
s language was all *Thunder*, when he ſpake,
me thought the center of the earth did ſhake.
y *Sancopanco*, much dejected *Reeve*,
e a pale Image pulls me by the ſleeve;
en whiſpers in mine ear, good Sir be wiſe,

Is

Do

Do you not see those pistols in his eyes
That shoot me dead? are all thy spirits fled?
Where's that grave *Oracle?* that subtle head
VVrapt in a *Turbant Mahomet* put on,
VVhen he did frame his foolish *Alchoran.*
Thy body too, in more warm woollen clad
Than thy great *Grandsire*; courage then my *Lad*;
Intrench'd in thine own *Pallisado* ly,
And all the Instruments of death defy.
Gun, Dagger, Sword, Grannado, and *Petar,*
VVhat other engines by the Sons of war,
At hand devis'd for slaughter, or aloof,
A *wastcoteer* so lin'd is *Cannon-proof.*
VVords are but wind, the silly *Swain* was sick,
By nature and complexion *Phlegmatick,*
A trembling *Palsy* on his heart did sit,
Like one arrested with an *Ague-fit,*
At last kind Soul he weeps, shaking his head,
VVith broken hollow voice, Sir we are dead,
VVe are beset, besieg'd, by Sea and land;
And his companions in each corner stand
Like forlorn *Scouts,* see see y'on yonder hill?
I nothing see, but *Bushes* and a *Mill.*
O they are men, it is in vain to fly,
And I alas am not prepar'd to dy.
I have that golden *bait,* that dainty dish,
For which these greedy *Cormorants* do fish;
False *Traytor* to betray me in distress,

Accurse

Accurſed *gold* I never lov'd thee leſs;
VVith all my heart, wo'd I were rid of thee,
A hand to boot, ſo my dear life were free.
How will my wife and children entertain
The heavy news, to hear that I am ſlain?
My ſides grew fat with laughter at the man,
Methought they were inlarg'd more than a ſpan;
Yet putting on a ſeeming face of fear,
VVhen lo, my Servant who did over-hear
All our diſcourſe, and underſtood my mind,
Spurs up his Palfry ſwifter than the wind;
Breathleſs a while he pauſes, then in haſt
Tells the bold *Cavaleer* all that had paſt:
And that he may be ſuted for the *Scean*,
Lays open all *Johns gold*, his heart I mean.
The morn was cloſe, fit for the work in hand,
A miſty darkneſs covers all the Land;
His liquid fear did much increaſe by this,
And *Fear* the mother of devotion is;
His Soul extracted from immortal birth
Had till this hour been buried in the earth,
But now was fairly travelling to heaven,
Large his accounts, and how to make them even
His time was little, but his voyage long,
His faith was weak, his ſins were wondrous ſtrong,
Yet now he ſends his hovering thoughts before,
Like nimble ſpyes to ſcale the narrow doore.
Up comes my *Gallant*, on whom *John* did look

As

As doth the prisoner that's deny'd his book.
But he grim *Sir*, pitching his subtle hay,
Least over acting should undoe the *play*:
Inquires how rotten sheep did stand that year,
VVhat prices cattel, corn, and wool did bear;
Seasons and times, for selling and for seeding,
As if his whole time had been spent in reading
Old *Almanacks* nine *Summers* out of date;
On whom he leans, more than the book of *Fate*.
Then *Bookers Prophecies* he doth unfold,
Valued with those *Scybilla* sang of old.
O happy men said he, who never roame
In forraign countreys from your native home;
Your days with plenty crown'd, ending your lives
In the chast arms of your beloved wives:
But we torn from our cradles to be hurl'd
By cruel fate into the rugged world,
Like *Bastards* of the earth at our return,
Incounter nothing but contempt and scorn:
VVhere you in pitty of our wants allow,
VVretched reward, a halter and a bough.
But by this steel, this steel that I unsheath,
E're I will end my days so dry a death,
A grinning wry-mouth'd death, I le kill *pell mell*
Five hundred *churls*, and send them all to hell:
And this by *Mars*, and all the *Gods* I swear.
The amazed *Swain* seeing the storm so near,
For shelter sought his fearful head to hide,

His

His rusty *Sword* hung loosely by his side.
But he thereon dare not his safety build,
His *Rippon Spurs* are now both sword and shield.
His foaming *Steed* companion of his flight,
Did like a *Whirl-wind*, snatch him from our sight:
We follow after like the greedy *Hound*,
And when he cannot to our eye be found,
We haunt him by the nose; for in the wind,
The *Fox* had left a filthy scent behind:
In this sweet pickle, melancholly sick,
Bath'd all in Sweat, and something that did stick
Like yellow *Birdlime*, to his limber thighs,
The stingless *Bee* to his own cottage flies;
Tis true, he brought no *Honey* to his *Hive*;
But *Wax* good store: 'twas well he scap'd alive.
His *Wife* salutes him, in whose welcome arms,
In brief he tells part of his passed harms;
The rest he apprehends; for out of doubt
The witty *Girl* soon smelt the matter out.

On the Royal Soveraign.

Proteus grand *Shepherd* of the foaming deep,
That feed'ſt thy ſcaley herds like flocks of ſheep,
Hold up thy ſhaggie head; lo here doth come
A greater miracle than *Thetis* womb
Did ever bear; a royal frame compos'd
May vie with *Noahs* Veſſel, that inclos'd
All natures ſtore; who elſe had found her grave,
A floating *Iſland* dancing on the wave.
So *Delos* wandering *Iſle*, or *Poets* feign,
Till mighty *Jove* did fix her in the main.
In ages that ſucceed why may not ſhe
Pull'd from the Sea, part of the firm land be?
Part did I ſay; how vainly do I doat?
Thou art a little world; the world a boat
Compar'd to thee: the paſſenger no more
Salutes thee for a Ship, but for a ſhoar:
Who ſcorch'd with heat, then nipt with northern blaſt
With ſtorm and tempeſt toſs'd, when he at laſt
His long deſired harbour ſees at hand,
Shall ſpring for joy, and throw himſelf on land.

The nice *Philoſopher* with curious eye,
Finds in the horned *Moon* a Collonie:
As they to us, why may not this afar
Appear to them to be a blazing *Star*?
But whether thou a *Star* or *Comet* be,
That wandering world ſtands gazing now on thee,
On thee their *Sun*: bleſt nations of the night
Who from thy beams receive their borrowed light,
Neptune no more a god, for thou ſhalt reign
Star of the Sea and ſhine in *Charles* his VVain.

A Poetical Strain.

To Dr. Hiam *Theolog. Medicum.*

I were uncharitable ſhould I deſire
Conſumption, peſtilence, fierce raging fire
Of ſcorching Feaver, Surfet, and the *Wench*,
That borrows Engliſh coyn, but pays in *French*;
Cold poiſonous air, hot meteors that inflame,
With thouſand others which I fear to name,
Should blaſt the widdowed world and make her wear
A mourning weed: thy fame and art t' indear.
My *Love* ſhall be more modeſt, I will pray
Thy charms may conjure all theſe *Fiends* away.
May'ſt thou by quinteſſence of thy great skill
Reſtore more lives then *Mountebanks* do kill;
While they imploy'd to cure the leprous *Itch*,
The worms in children, or ſome *Female* ſtitch
Got by a wanton ſlip, from *Piſpots* win
Brown-bread, and thread-bare-cloaths; or in the ſin
Share with the *Devil*, and converſe with *Smocks*,
Til they themſelves be peppered with the *Pox*.

May'ſt

Mayſt thou things high and excellent acquire;
That all thy Tribe may envy and admire;
The *Gout*, the *Stone*, which ope' the *Uſurers* eye
To ſee the torture, rack, and crueltie,
Which he hath laid on others; for his health,
Wo'd now (tho' unwilling) part with all his wealth,
Be fully cur'd by thee; but not before
His bags be ſafely landed on thy ſhoare;
And thou with this rich prize ſo juſtly won,
Build *Hoſpitals* for thoſe he hath undone.
May the young frie fall ſick, grow lean and wan,
And long for thee more than they do for man.
May every female-patient be a lover,
By feeling of their pulſe let them recover
Green-ſickneſs: VVere their fame and honour fled
Let them redeem both that and *Maiden-head*,
Let them from all diſeaſes be ſet free
Not by thy *Drugs*, but confidence in thee.
Let aged *Madams* on whoſe furrowed brow
Bald time hath worn deep wrinkles with his plow,
Their hour-glaſs turn as full of juicie ſap
As when they danced in their mothers lap:
Sick nature by thy help as healthful grow,
As when our father *Adam* held the plow:
May all thy *Patients* live the perfect date
Of old *Methuſalem*, and in a ſtate
As ſtrong. And thou for making others ſound
With glorious immortality be crown'd.

Two Poetical Epiſtles to two Friends.

Epiſt. I.

WHen all things out of frame grow wondrous
ſcurvy,
And nature from her courſe turns topſy
turvy;
When horſes ride on men with *Spur* and *Switch*,
And *Schollars* do put down their maſters *britch*;
When *Princes* to their people do ſtand bare,
When *Dogs* do fly before the fearful *Hare*,
When Maids command their Miſtreſſes by patten,
When *beggars* ruffle in their *Silk* and *Sattin*,
When *Oſtlers* teach their horſes *Greek* and *Lattin*,
When *Gallants* walk on foot, and *foot-men* ride,
When *Noble-men* run *lacquies* by their ſide:

VV

When th'elements from natures courſe do turn,
VVhen fire ſhall drown the earth, and water burn;
VVhen lofty mountains congee to the vale,
VVhen *Pigs* ſing ſweeter then the *Nightingale*,
VVhen Pearls and Oiſters grow on Oaken trees,
VVhen in the midſt of *Summer* it ſhall freeze,
VVhen all this comes to paſs, which cannot be,
Yet ſhall I then prove faithfull unto thee.

Epiſt. 2.

GIve me a *Sidney's Pen*, which dipt in wine
Made his *Philoclea* more then half divine:
Summon the *Poets*, none ſhall march before us,
Thou my *Pancela*, I thy *Muſidorus*.
Shepherds, and *Shepherdeſſes*, fram'd in ſtory
To mint a *female*, made of *Maſc'line* glory;
Muſter to theſe all the brave old *Commanders*,
The *Scipio's*, *Cæſars*, and the *Alexanders*,
VVith bills and ſwords they made all nations flie:
But *Livia* with the *Magick* of her eye,
Doth lead the world in chains of love divine,
Conq'ring all hearts; I'm ſure ſh' hath conquered mine.
Since I am grown to be thy *Gally-ſlave*,
Give me the priviledge which priſn'ers have,
My liberty being loſt, by *Cupids* charms,
To live and die a priſ'ner in thine arms.
Nectar, *Ambroſia*, purely here I ſip;
The *Muſes* nine they all dwell on thy lip.
Swimming in love, no pleaſure now ſhall paſs us,
Thou art my *Hellicon* and my *Parnaſſus*.

On

On a Gentleman who loſt his Miſtreſs called Nancy, *(at the ſame time) alſo his Hawk of the ſame Name.*

WVilt thou forſake me thus
my deareſt *Nancy*,
To wander o're the world
in a wild fancy,
To couple with an *Owl* wantonly ranging
Til thou haſt cloy'd thy ſelf
with often changing?
An *Eagle* was my *Dove*,
True, as the *Turtle-Dove*,
If ſhe a faller prove,
Farewel my *Nancy*.

Come my bird of *Paradice*
thus I conjure thee,
Illo, ho, ho, my love, when I did lure thee

Thou

Thou would'ſt come ſtooping down
like clap of Thunder,
And like a falling ſtar
cleave the air aſunder.
Then hovering o're my head,
Whoo, hoop, the game is dead;
Yet thou art from me fled,
Farewel *&c.*

Thy feathers were more ſoft
then maiden treſſes,
I gave thee bells to wear,
Varvels and jeſſes,
Caſting to keep thee clean
Made of white Flannel,
When thy limbs bathing were,
I was thy Spani'l,
I gave the ſtones good ſtore,
Yet thou diſt play the whore,
And wilt return no more.
Farewel *&c*

Sweet *Plover* was thy food,
Patridge and *Pigeon*,
Thruſh, *Feldifare* and *Snipe*
Woodcock and *Widgeon*,
Quail, *Pheaſant*, *Duck* and *Teal*,
the pretty *Bunting*,

And ſhe that ſweetly ſings
whilſt ſhe is mounting:
Yet thou art gone aſtray,
On worms and mice to prey,
Beetles that ſhun the day.
Farewel *&c.*

Now ſince thou art ſo coy
If e're I catch thee,
Falſe *Kite,* to keep thee tame
I'le ſit and watch thee;
I'le hood thoſe rouling eyes
that ſhoot at rovers,
And mew thee in a cage
from thy fond lovers.
Cupid's a wanton child,
True lovers are beguil'd,
Ware *Hawk* and *Wenches* wild.
Farewel *&c.*

A cold Journey, and cold Entertainment.

UNto a countrey farm I lately came,
Where I hung like a picture in a frame,
'Twas in the wintrie cold month of *December*,
Her froſty frowns forget, her ſmiles remember.
Fare would content *Apicius* to his mind,
Then who dare ſay my *Landlord* was unkind.
His *broth* was wondrous good, but with the ladle
He bang'd my noddle, till my brains grew addle.
A trembling *School-boy* I demurely ſtand
My maſter with a ferrula in his hand
If I but blow my noſe, or wink, or nod,
Or ſmile, or look awry, fetch me my rod:
Poor men are fools, wiſdom attends the rich;
Which made me readily put down my brich.
He that at great mens tables takes a ſeat,
Hath freedom to do nothing elſe but eat;
If he have wit he muſt not ſpread his banners,
For that were blaſphemy againſt good manners;

This

This learned Leſſon my *Præceptor* knew,
His what, his when, and why, even to a cue.
Quick-ey'd he was to ſee and underſtand,
And alwayes carried in his reverend hand
A multiplying glaſs, wherein was ſhewn
The errors of mankind, all but his own.
The good and evil mixt, made me believe
This was the garden where our mother *Eve*
Upon that curſed fruit did freely feed,
Which poiſoned her ſelf, and all her ſeed.
Words ſteep'd in vinegar, and ſpending money;
Hemlock and bitter *wormwood*, mixt with *honey*:
Such as poor beggars purchaſe to their coſt,
A gentle aims, and then a whipping-poſt.
I came invited to this double banquet,
Laid in a bed of down, toſt in a blanket;
The *Goſpel* here, there, *Moſes* bloody banners,
A *lincie-woolſie* Medly of all manners:
Kindneſs, unkindneſs, ſhould I ſum up all,
Sugar two ounces with one ounce of Gall.
Which being tempered with the oyl of *Saunders*,
Would make an excellent med'cine for the *Glaunders*;
Hallo my fancy whither wilt thou fly?
Hath my kind hoſtſome faults, and have not I?
God pardon all; O be not too ſharp ſighted,
If he be in the dark, thou art benighted.
He's in the oven, and I am in the fire,
He's in the dirt, and I wade in the mire.

He

He hath ſome pimples on his face that ſhine:
And have not I, poor I! a *mole* on mine?
Now that I may not crow, or hang the wing,
In equal ballance let me weigh the thing:
The good I have receiv'd I will inroll,
Fairly ingraved in a marble ſcroll;
All ſtains and blemiſhes I'l blot with Ink,
And not to ſee I'l ſhut mine eyes and wink.

Upon

Upon my return hence, with little wit, and leſs money, being alone; I took a dangerous fall from my Horſe.

REnowned *Drake* from Pole to Pole was hurl'd,
In his long voyage round about the world:
Such ſtrange, miraculous wonders, could not ſee,
As I, who ſhot a greater gulf than he;
When I fell from my horſe in deadly ſwoon,
Where I ſaw ſtars, to *Ticho Brache* unknown;
Fire from mine eyes did flame, the skies flew open,
My back quoth I, and all my ribs are broken.
Here I beheld as I lay on the ground,
In pain and grief, that th' *Univerſe* went round:
Upon my back, which made me much diſmaid,
The burthen of the world was wholly laid.

A fancy took me which did little pleaſe,
That I was ſailing to th' *Antipodes*;
Had not ſome mountains interpos'd my way,
I had diſcovered them that fatal day.
Falſe friends, and dirty ways, henceforth forbear;
Dull jades and winter journeys, I forſwear:
With pitty to poor carriers, forc't to goe
O're rocks of ice and monſtrous hills of ſnow;
Let others travell countreys ſtrange, to ſee
Surely I thought 'twas the *worlds end* with me.

A DIALOGUE.

A conference between two plain countreymen, Tom, *and* Will, *about deep matters of Religion.*

CANTO.

Tune —— *The Drainers are up*

Tom. Good Neighbour *Will*, I prethee be plain,
With what religion ſhall we cloſe,
Since every *Sect* doth ſtifly maintain
That the tree of life in their garden grows?
Will. Ic'h tell thee *Tom*, 'chave found the beſt,
Whatever men do write or ſay,
If thy veſſel be bound for the city of reſt,
True neighbourly love is the only way.

Let us fly away from the land of ſtrife,
The *Lamb* hath bought us with a price,
And poſt to the holy river of life
Which glideth through our *Paradice*.
See how thoſe heavenly ſtreams do ſet
To fill our Souls with a living flood,
The tree of knowledge we will forget,
But the tree of life ſhall be our food.

The way to this river ſo pure and ſo cleer,
Which through the valley of love doth glide,
By reſignation we muſt ſteer,
Humility is our faithful guide.
By faith we travell to a princely town
Which wiſe men do call *the fathers will*,
Here we in the *Sabaoth* of reſt will ſit down,
And ſet up our tents on *Mount Sion's* hill.

In the Ocean of love let us freely ſwim:
To thee, my *Joy*, I drink this cup,
Come fill up the bowl unto the brim,
'Tis liquor divine, then drink it all up;
Drink merrily *Tom*, the *Fountain* it flows,
We have no enmity nor gall;
This cup to our friends, and this to our foes,
A hearty carouze we tipple to all.

Tom. Let us take the to'ther pull,

This liquor will make all darkneſs fly,
Why ſhould we ſpare? the *Fountain* is full,
And never can be drained dry.
Let greedy *Miſers* wade in the mire,
Let ſquint-ey'd envy murder his brother,
Let hatred and malice remain in the fire,
Pure *Nectar* we drink and love one another.

Let *Phariſees* pray till their knees grow bare,
Let *Gameſters* cog the ſubtle dye
Let *Huntsmen* purſue the ſilly *Hare*
Let ſober *Citizens* cozen and lie;
Let *Courtiers* diſſemble, let *Scholars* read
The quirks and quibbles of old *Ariſtotle*,
Let *Souldiers* fight, let *Littleton* plead,
We'l cheerfully tame the to'ther bottle.

From *North* to *South*, from *Eaſt to Weſt*
Inventions through the world do range,
Opinions in fine garments dreſt
Like blazing *Comets* of the brain,
About religion they make foul work,
And into bloody wars they fall,
The *Heathen*, the *Jew*, the *Chriſtian*, the *Turk*,
This liquor will reconcile them all.

The flowers drink the pearly dew,
Like merry drunkards all in a row,

What though they are of various hue
In neighbourly love together grow;
They merrily tipple and ſweetly agree,
No quarrell about their cups they move,
They drink to each other, then why ſhould not we
Drink liberal cups of innocent love?

A SONG.

TUNE. *Such a Rogue's a Round-head.*

What's he who breaks the thunder crack,
And bids the raging Sea go back,
Unto his voice inclined;
Who doth the angry Ocean ſtill,
And makes the winds obey his will?
Jehovah unconfined.

What's he who gives the *Sparrows* meat,
And moves the rocks out of their ſeat,
Where firſt they were deſigned;
Who doth the cryſtal Springs invite,
And cloaths the lillies all in white?
Jehovah unconfined.

What's he who doth the ſtars advance,
Whil'ſt round about the *Globe* they dance,
With earth-quake and with thunder;
Deſtroys great Cities of renown,
And makes the hills come tumbling down?
It is the *Lord* of wonder.

The *Tyger* I do keep in awe
And to the *Lyon* am a law
By my ſole power confined;
'Tis I that bound the Sea and land,
Yet I above all bounds do ſtand,
Jehovah unconfined.

With *Eagles* wings ſurvey all lands
Number th' innumerable ſands,
And write them in a ſtory;
View every thing that's gone and paſt,
Though time it ſelf muſt end at laſt
There's no end of my glory.

The clouds I ſuck out of the Seas,
And make them fall where I do pleaſe
To fill the earth with treaſure;
The Sea, the Sands, the ſtars ſurvey,
The mountains in a ballance weigh,
My power thou canſt not meaſure.

All things do in and to me flow,
The things above and thoſe below
Are Servants to my pleaſure;
The heighths, the depths, are in my hand,
The bredths and lengths at my command,
My power thou canſt not meaſure.

The *Rant* is dead, the *Quake* muſt dy,
All forms before my preſence fly,
By my ſole power deſigned,
The Names they are the ſtumbling ſtone,
Eternal life in all is one.
Jehovah unconfined.

Thy wiſdom, will, and holy ſhew,
Muſt periſh like the early dew;
And when thou art reſigned,
I'le take thee in mine arms again,
For I in thee alone will reign
Jehovah unconfined.

If ſweetneſs be thy ſouls delight,
Carnation, *Pink*, and *Lillies* white,
All flowers bound up in poſies,
Arabian Gums and *Indian* ſpice,
My boſome is the *Paradice*
The *Paradice* of *Roſes*.

The ſecret Cabinets below,
Where yellow gold and ſilver grow
Do all obey my pleaſure,
Pearls, *Diamonds*, that ſparkling be,
All theſe am I, come dwell with me,
And I will be thy treaſure.

A Catholick Hymn.

TUNE. *If there be a Phœnix in the world, 'tis ſhe.*

OPinion rules the humane ſtate,
And domineers in ev'ry land,
Shall Seas and Mountains ſeperate
Whom *God* hath joyn'd in natures band?
Dwell they far off or dwell they near,
They are all my Fathers children dear.

Features and colours of the hair,
Why meet they not in harmony?
The yellow, black, the brown, the fair,
All tinctures of variety;
In ſingle ſimple love alone,
Millions of colours are but one.

The *Nightingale* doth never ſay,
Though he be King of harmony,
Unto the *Cuckoo*, and the *Jay*,
Why ſing you not ſo ſweet as I?
Each ſing their own in loves fair eye,
Their tongues complete one melody.

Lend

Lend me the bright wings of the morn,
That I about the world may run,
From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*,
Far ſwifter than the flaming Sun.
Where e're my winged Soul doth fly;
All's fair and lovely in mine eye.

In the phlegmatick I ſweetneſs find,
The melancholly grave and wiſe,
The ſanguine merry to my mind,
From choller flames of love ariſe:
In ſingle ſimple love alone,
All theſe complexions are but one.

Behold the painful labouring hand,
And thoſe that keep their harmleſs ſheep,
The country *Swain* that ploughs the land,
The *Merchant* that doth plough the deep;
Each do their work in love alone,
One works for all, and all for one.

With open arms let me imbrace
The *Heathen*, *Chriſtian*, *Turk* and *Jew*,
The lovely and deformed face,
The ſober and the Jovial Crew;
For this I ſee, in love alone
All forms and features are but one.

I love with all mine heart and ſoul,
The *French*, the *Dutch*, the *Engliſhman*,
The *Dane*, the *Swede*, the *Turk*, the *Pole*,
The *Spaniard* and the *African*;
For this I ſee, in love alone
All nations reconcil'd are one.

Thence ſail I with my love as far
As *China*, to the *Indian* ſhoar,
The *Artick* and *Antartick Star*,
The *Tawny* and the *Blackamoor*,
From thence I travell round about
To countreys never yet found out.

My heart, my heart, is very ſick,
All nations of the earth I woo,
My Soul is turning *Catholick*,
And ſo is my religion too;
The *Deity* in all doth move,
So univerſal is my love.

An

An Hymn of Love.

TUNE. *True blew* &c.

Gentle love hath no diſſention
In our holy *Chriſtendom*,
He will end all wild contention,
Hell and death he'l overcome.

Love that's of no price accounted
Toſſed like a *Tennis-ball*,
On his white horſe bravely mounted,
He will ride to conquer all.

Heav'n and Hell with wealth ſhall ſtore him,
The fatneſs of the holy land,
Victory doth march before him,
The *Lamb* and *Dove* at his right hand.

To the battel he advances,
His colour's oriental blew,
Not with guns and ordinances,
Adverſaries to ſubdue.

In his eye there are such blisses,
Enemies it overthrows;
With imbraces smiles and kisses,
He will conquer all his foes.

Low humility befriends him,
Meekness patience and the rest,
Noble charity attends him
To provide for every guest.

Here's no begging or intreating,
None do labour plow or sow,
God provided without sweating,
The tree of life doth freely grow.

In his house there dwells no danger,
Steward Hospitality
Kindly welcomes every stranger
Prest with friendless poverty.

Bounty crowneth all their wishes,
Entertains with chearful breast,
Plenty ushers in the dishes,
Grand purveyor of the feast.

Dishes rich innumerable:
But of all this princely fare,
Quoth love mine heart is on the table,
Feed, my Joy, and do not spare.

Noble

Noble *Angels* ſweetly ſinging
Tunes of heav'nly melody,
In the midſt a fountain ſpringing,
They that drink can never dye.

Meaſured dances nimbly tracing,
Fires of love that always flame,
Hugging, kiſſing, and imbracing,
Singing praiſes to the *Lambe*.

Love within, and love without them,
Love doth all his treaſure lend,
Peace and joy dwells round about them,
Peace and joy that hath no end.

Immanuel is all our ſtory,
He is our royal diadem,
To him be glory, glory, glory,
We are his new *Hieruſalem*.

An Epitaph Hymn, &c.

On the death of the Lady Maria Mannors, *daughter to the noble Earl and Heroick Counteſs of* Rutland, *and Siſter to the* Lord Roſs.

M aiden of honour born of princely ſtem,
A virgin in the new *Hieruſalem*,
R oſe in ſweet *Paradice*, pluckt in the morn,
I n her dear Virgin bridegrooms boſome worn;
A ngels about this angel dance and ſing,

M uſick when love doth move on every ſtring;
A mong the *Martyrs* and the heav'nly Quire,
N umbred with thoſe who chant to *Davia's* lyre.
N ew triumphs now exchang'd for tranſitory,
O n her fair temples a rich crown of glory;
R ivers of pleaſure full unto the brink,
S uch as the *Prophets* and *Apoſtles* drink.

The

The Angels entertainment in eandem.

VVElcome ſweet *Angel* to our chriſtal bowers,
A ſtar thou art among the immortal powers;
To be a *Lamb* in the grand ſhepherds flock
Is more than to be born of princely ſtock.
Thou now haſt ſcap'd thoſe doubts, thoſe cares, and fears,
Which would have waited on thy riper years;
Thy lover till *December* would not ſtay,
But hug'd thee hence in thy freſh blooming *May*.
A *Dove* among the *Doves* thou here may'ſt play,
Cutting thy paſſage through the milkie way:
Till thy dear *Bridegroom* with his favour grace thee,
Whoſe arms are always open to imbrace thee.

Hymnus

Hymnus in eandem.

The Bridegrooms Salutation.

TUNE. *When the ſtormy winds do blow.*

I Took thee on a ſuddain
In all thy glories dreſt,
I cropt thee in the budding
To wear thee in my breſt:
My roſie blooming bloſſome,
My lovely flower thou art,
I'le hug thee in my boſome
A jewel in mine heart.

Thou haſt given me thy virgin power
Mine honour to advance,
And all the joys that heaven can ſhowr
Are thine inheritance;
I'le tincture thee with bliſſes
My flames of love to pay

With

With ſweet unnumbered kiſſes
We dally out the day.

The *Angels* are invited,
The Supper ready dreſt,
The holy lamps are lighted
For our eternal feaſt:
Banquets to thy deſiring
On tables rich appear,
I'le give thee ſuch attiring
The noble *Angels* wear.
The ſacred knot which I have knit
No power can untie,
Duallity I'le not admit,
Our *We* is turn'd to I;
One heav'nly fleſh, one blood and bone,
One life not tranſitory,
The *Male*, and *Female* both in one,
One undivided glory.

I'le gather thee ſweet poſies,
Sweet poſies of rich price,
Of *July-flowers* and *Roſes*
That grow in *Paradice*.
Let ſhepherds call on *Phillis*
As fair as fair may be,
More beautifull than *Lillies*
My *Jewel* is to me.

The *Cherubims* advancing
In all their beams of light,
The little *Angels* dancing
About this *Angel* bright.
Sweet harmony rebounded
In all the heav'nly Spheres,
Such melody ne're ſounded
In any mortal ears.

A Song of Hospitality.

TUNE. *The Drainers are up,*
They threaten to drain the Kingdom dry.

GIve me the golden age again
When wine did welcome every guest,
When that good *Knight Sr. Loyn* did reign,
Plover and *Patridge* did flie to the feast,
Since bold *Copernicus* hath found
New nations never known before;
The tottering world by turning round
Hath turn'd poor *Charity* out of door.

Where's the bouncing *Buck* we so much boast,
Whereon good fellows did heartily feed,
When *Shoulder of mutton* did rule the roast;
O then 'twas a merry world indeed!
What's become of our *Capon*, our *Chicken* and *Veal*,
The *Miser* ingrosseth them all in his *Hutch*,
Long-winded prayer, and left-handed zeal
Makes lame hospitality lean on a crutch.

A *Gammon* of *Bacon* is very good meat
With a piping *Pig* new drawn from the spit,
With plowing on both sides the *Plowman* doth sweat;
That worlds at an end, now the *Devil* a bitt;
March beer in black *Jacks* as big as ones waste,
But locks and keys have robbed the *Hall*,
When our friendly * liquor they freely do taste.
The *Butterie* and *Pantrie* will fly open to all.

* *wine of Catholick Love.*

SELF.

O Self! that art the cauſe of all our ſadneſs,
The whole world is involved in thy madneſs;
And I that write this, would that I could ſee,
Accurſed Self, that I were rid of thee.
Had Self been hang'd on *Judas* tree,
Had he been drown'd in *Pharaoh's* fall,
But O! he lives in thee and me,
To plague and to torment us all:
Self-reaſon doth all miſchief breed.
The *Tyrant* proud that would be *King*,
The *Serpent* and the *Serpents* ſeed,
The *Dragon* with invenom'd ſting,
Herod that did the children ſlay,
Falſe *Judas* that did *Chriſt* betray,
True love doth conquer hell and ſin
VVer't not for love that cures all evils,
Diſarms the angry *Cherubin*,
This world were a meer den of *Devils*;
Th'arraign, condemn, at their own bar,
Thieves puniſh thieves, all *Judges* are.

A Littany.

FRom drinking up the labourers sweat,
From making war without a Warrant,
From climbing to the *Judgment Seat*,
From running on a sleeveless errant,
From all my fetters set me free
And from my Self deliver me.

From the dissemblers *yea* and *nay*,
From *Pharaoh's* kindness, *Kedars Tent*,
From daubing with untempered clay,
From stoning of the innocent,
Good *Lord* deliver me.

From unbelief, fond cares, and fears,
From a long Bill of a *Taylor*,
From the *Hiena's* murthering tears;
From the deep dungeon of a *Jaylor*,
Good *Lord* &c.

From close dissemblers with two faces,
From a false, lying, double tongue,
From *Catch-poles* and their kind imbraces,
From lingring *Law-suits* nine lives long
Good *Lord* &c.

From

From all ſtubborn diſobedience,
From *Wolves* that would devour the flock,
From *Peters* fooliſh confidence,
But give me *Peters* watchful *Cock*,
Good *Lord* I pray thee.

From the inventions of mans brain,
From the foul curſe of being rich,
From *Gog* and *Magogs* curſed train,
And from the Apple that did *Eve* bewitch,
Good *Lord* deliver me.

From *Sina's* thunder, *Babels Tower*,
From thoſe that fly with borrowed wing,
From *Caterpillers* that devour
The noble *Lilly* that doth ſpring,
Good *Lord* &c.

From *Herod* and the man of ſin,
From *Jonah's Whale* and periſhing Gourd,
From the fierce angry *Cherubin*
And from the fiery flaming ſword,
Good *Lord* &c.

From north-eaſt winds when they do blow,
From winter journeys without coyn
From travelling to *Jericho*,
Where Thieves my jewel did purloin,
Good *Lord* &c.

Let me eſcape thy raging ire,
Thy *Thunder-bolts* O do not dart!
And from thine angry flaming fire,
O hide me in thy tender heart;
In thy dear heart I ſhall be free
Inthron'd in perfect libertie.
Good *Lord* hear me.

Drain up thoſe weeping ſprings of tears,
Thy *Hurricano's* let them ceaſe,
Thy frowns awaken horrid fears,
But in thy ſmiles are joy and peace.
Good *Lord* hear me.

Give me a conſtant faithful mind,
To meet thy mercy at the laſt,
That I may full forgiveneſs find:
Let me forgive all that is paſt.
Good *Lord* hear me.

A Soveraign Receipt for the Eyes, and Hearing, &c.

LOok not aſquint, or neighbours failing mind,
The faults thine own, which thou in him doſt find;
To all his errors lend thy deaf'ned ear,
Speak well of him, and then thou well ſhalt hear.

Probatum eſt.

Dyſticks.

BLeſs me from Guns, they kill the lame, the blind:
The Ordinance of love ſaves all Mankind.

Seek not to man, a meer created thing
For what thou want'ſt, go boldly to the *King*.

The Soul with life continually is fed
When *Love* and *Charity* lie in one bed.

The water of eternal life we gather,
When we receive the meek love of the *Father*.

My dark drie Soul was *Aarons* withered rod,
By *Jeſus* ſpringeth 'it'h *Paradiſe* of *God*.

God breathed life into this little ſpan,
Himſelf the *Breather* breathed into man.

Carry my thirſty Soul, O holy *Dove*!
Into my Fathers flaming heart of love.

Chriſt

Chriſt and the *Father's* one, and we in him,
Crowned with joy, in all his glory ſwim.

They needs muſt live a ſweet and pleaſant life,
Where *Love's* the Husband, *Charity* the Wife.

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